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When you catch a cold, a relentless war begins in your system between the invading germs and the "soldier" phagocytes in your blood stream. Germ-life can double itself in 30 minutes, but your phagocytes cannot.

At the first sign of a cold, therefore, prepare to help *yourself*. Use Vapex without delay. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe deeply of the pleasant and powerful antiseptic vapour, which searches out the germ colonies in the warm recesses of the nose and throat and destroys them in thousands, thus removing the cause of your trouble.

That is how Vapex conquers colds. Each new breath of the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief reduces the enemy's strength and so assists your natural resources *safely and surely* to dispel the attack.

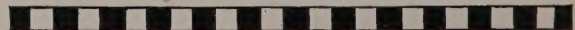
Breathe your cold away

You can actually feel the good effects of Vapex from the start. It quickly opens up a way through the mucus-laden passages of your nose and throat, the germicidal vapour penetrating far beyond the reach of ordinary remedies. Your head clears, "stiffness" is relieved and congestion is broken up. With easier breathing, the whole respiratory system is stimulated to increased resistance . . . and soon your cold is gone!

Vapex as a Preventative

You can avoid colds this Winter by using Vapex regularly . . . particularly when you are feeling "out-of-sorts," for that is when you are most easily attacked by germs which are broadcast by other sufferers. Keep Vapex always handy and put a few drops on your handkerchief each morning before you go out.

From your Chemist, 2/- & 3/-



The Vineyards of France

by BERNARD A. GROSS

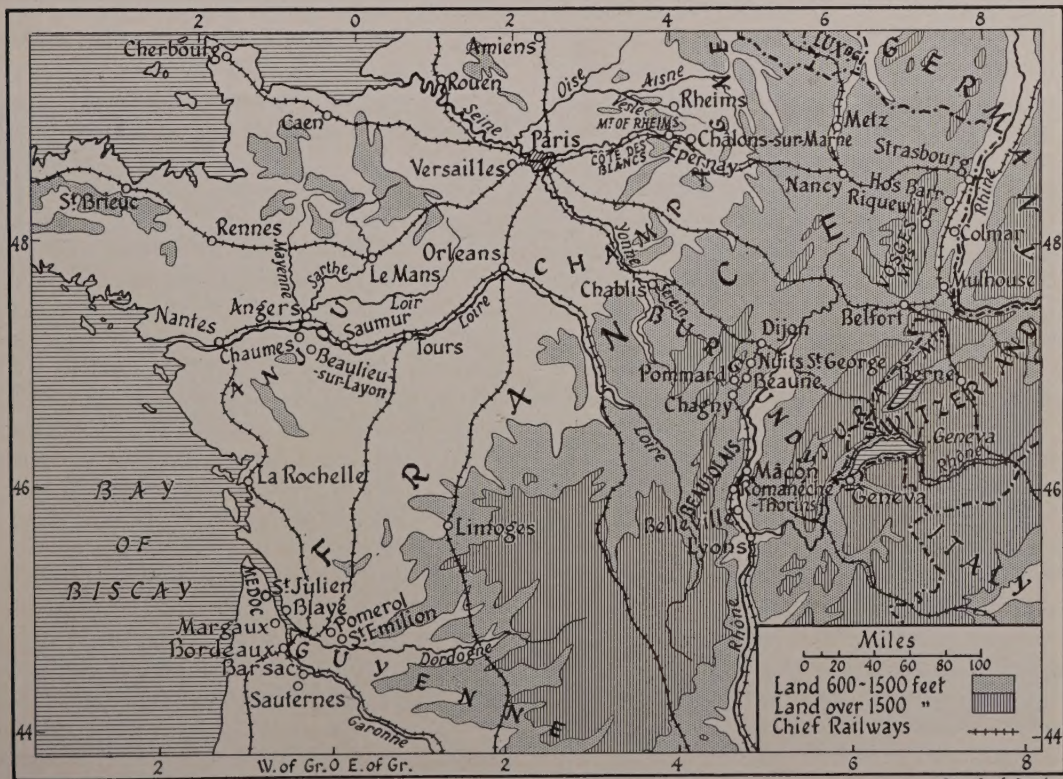
To appreciate the wines of France is not always to understand how they are produced or by whom. That story is told here by a member of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin—a society which reflects the attitude of the Frenchman to a produce which he very naturally feels adds to the glory of his country

WINE is delicate and sensitive—a living thing. It will change with the moon, turn with the wind and move with the seasons. When Spring touches the hillsides of France and the young vine pulses with new life, all over the world—whether in Valparaiso or Tokyo—the wines of France will thrill in response. Then the careful connoisseur will watch with anxiety his precious old wines to perceive any hint of disturbance in their limpidity, whilst young wine will often ferment and force its cork from the bottle.

Is it superstition or scientific fact which forbids the entrance of a woman into the

cellars of new wine? Is it mistaken belief or knowledge which dictates to the agent such terms as "At the ascending moon . . ." when stipulating the time for shipping wine? And is the peasant right to consider a calm, windless evening, the better for bottling? The answer to such queries lies in France and her vineyards, and those who tend them—often simple folk who scarcely distinguish fact from fable. The vine is their child, its grapes their blessing, and no risks shall be taken concerning their welfare.

Today, as always, the grapes are picked by hand and pressed by simple methods.



The juice of the grape is left quietly to ferment of its own accord and, when its natural sugar has transformed itself into alcohol, it can be named 'wine'. But not yet the wine with which we fill our glass. It must be purified and, often, blended, before reaching the bottle and even then a period of rest in cool cellars must ensue before maturity is attained.

One of the main resources of France, the vine is deeply linked with her most ancient traditions. Vineyards are found in 80 of the 89 *départements* of the country and wine is the drink of the people; even the poorest peasant may regale himself daily with his litre of *vin rouge*.

The finest vineyards are found on hill slopes with southern exposures, affording long hours of sunshine and adequate protection from wind. Contrary to one's expectations, the soil most suited to the cultivation of the vine is not of rich and fertile aspect, but often stony and of sandy or gravelly texture. Stones in no way hamper the vine's growth, for they serve to reflect the sun's warmth by day and to retain it by night whilst, with the permeable nature of the soil, they provide excellent drainage. The vine demands an even climate, with no extreme differences between day and night temperatures. Sunshine should last into October, when the harvest approaches. A peasant in the Champagne district said: "A hundred days of sunshine and my vines are well content".

You cannot make a silk purse from a sow's ear, nor a good wine from a bad vinestock. 'Pinot' in Burgundy, and 'Cabernet' in the Bordeaux districts are the two main types of vinestock. The vine is a hardy plant but it has bitter enemies, and the grower is engaged in a constant struggle against the menaces of frost and plant disease. The vinestocks are frequently raised from the ground on props and wiring, a practice that, whilst it has the advantage of keeping the shoots away from frosty ground, is responsible for the

elongation of the plant at the ultimate expense of quality. For when the plant grows tall much of the sap, which would otherwise be stored in the grape as juice, is spent in extended growth.

Great care is taken to protect the vines from parasites such as mildew, *Oidium* (a fungus), *Cochylis* and the dreaded *Phylloxera* (insects). An epidemic of the latter almost completely destroyed the vineyards of Europe towards the end of the 19th century. Drastic remedies had to be enforced, such as the uprooting and destruction of all contaminated shoots, and steps were taken to ensure against a repetition of the disaster: American stocks, immune to this blight, were grafted on to those plants which remained, and the spraying of vines with a sulphate solution became a seasonal practice.

Most widely famed of French wines are those of the Bordeaux and Burgundy districts. Let us first take Bordeaux, for, along with Guyenne, the region belonged to the English crown from 1154 to 1453. Claret, introduced into our country by the Plantagenets, was once almost our national beverage.

The Bordeaux wine country covers 300,000 acres and has an average annual production of 4,500,000 hectolitres. Wealth and space are its outstanding features: wide vineyards stretch across the slightly undulating landscapes and splendid châteaux reign in magnificence.

Two main kinds of soil persist in Bordeaux, the *Graves* (a gravelly soil of marine origin), productive of the best quality wines, and the *Palus* (a rich, smooth soil of alluvial origin), whose yield is abundant but of inferior quality. Bordeaux is the domain of the rich grower, where the wine is 'Château bottled' under the supervision of the owner, who will not brand or release for sale any vintage which has not reached perfection. Bordeaux wine is proud of its reputation and nothing is spared in its production to maintain the long tradition of centuries of distinction.



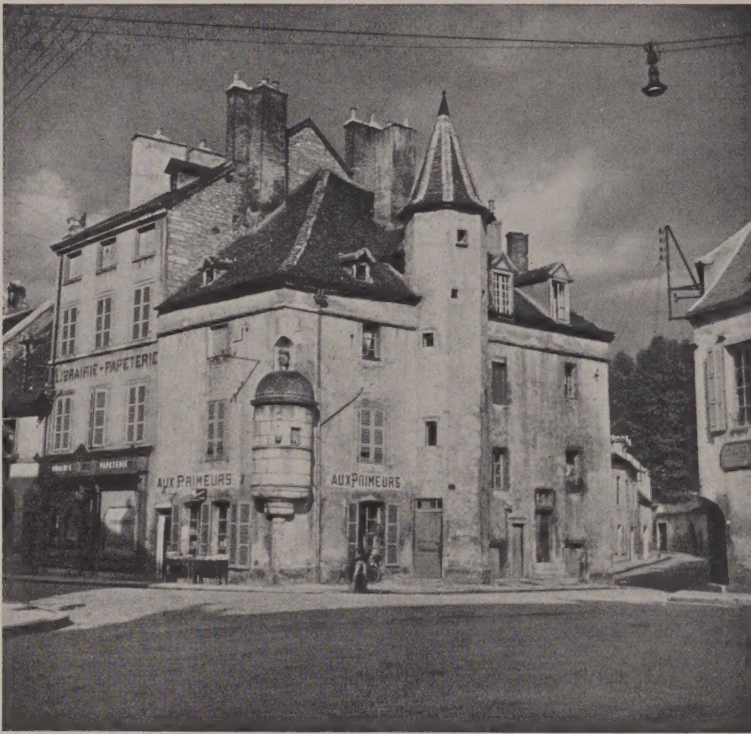
Bernard Gross

Médoc, Graves, Sauternes, all come from the vineyards of Bordeaux and owe their quality to old French vinestocks. Above is Château Brane-Cantenac in the Haut-Médoc district



Bernard Gross

In Bordeaux huge vineyards commonly centre round a stately chateau in which their proprietors live. Château Beychevelle is one of the oldest estates in Médoc, whence come the finest clarets

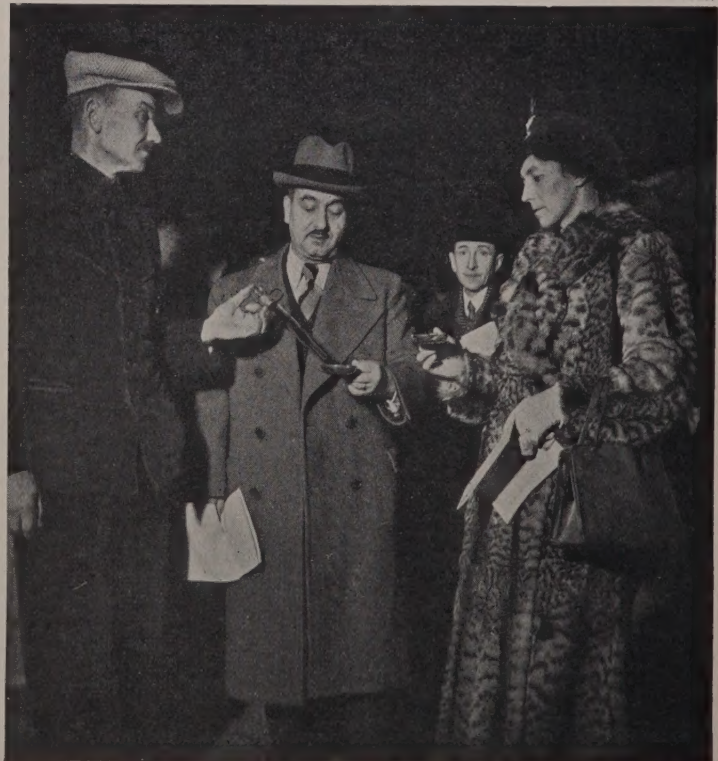


Bernard Gross

The Maison du Colombier, Beaune, in Burgundy. In contrast to those of Bordeaux, the vineyards of Burgundy are in small enclosures under peasant ownership. The owner generally lives in the town and visits his patches of land daily. The people of Beaune live well, eating and drinking heartily

Schall

In the cellars, tasting the wine. A silver tastevin (tasting cup) is used. It is flat and embossed so as to reflect the light and thus show up the colour of the wine. On the left stands the peasant in charge of the cuvée from his vineyard. He draws wine from the cask with a glass tube. When his thumb is pressed on to the top the wine is imprisoned; it only squirts out when the pressure is removed. Chambertin, Musigny, Clos Vougeot come from Beaune. Good years for red 'Beaune' were 1911, 1915, 1923, and 1929; for white, 1911, 1915, 1917, 1923 and 1928





French Railways—National Tourist Office

Burgundian peasants themselves gather their harvest and sell it to the local merchants who market the finished product under their own label, adding the name of the vineyard or village of origin

We leave the wealthy châteaux and lavish vineyards of Bordeaux to visit Burgundy. There is a strong contrast between the two regions: here are no broad expanses of vineyards, and few châteaux. A long ridge of barren-crested hills provides adequate slopes for the cultivation of the vine. Occasional stone quarries take the place of vineyards and patches of obstinate, bramble-covered land intervene.

Unlike Bordeaux, Burgundy is divided into numerous tiny *clos*, or enclosures, each with its peasant owner who, conjointly with the rest of his family, tends his land himself. Since his property is often scattered about and each vineyard is too small to afford him a dwelling, the grower makes his headquarters in the town, journeying out daily to visit his patches of land. In Burgundy one has the impression that the life and wealth of the region have retired into the villages and fortified towns.

Beaune, for instance, a free city since its occupation by the Romans, is a town of riches. Battles have been fought for possession of its vineyards. A notable Gothic building—L'Hostel-Dieu—constructed in the year 1443 (to which, through innumerable endowments, many vineyards in the region belong), attracts gourmets from all over Europe by its annual auction sale of wine.

The small Burgundian grower's output does not warrant purchase of the equipment necessary for the preparation and bottling of his wine. Consequently, there exists in Burgundy the *négociant* or intermediary, who goes from vineyard to vineyard, selecting wines for blending and sale. It is the *négociant* who 'treats' the wine preparatory to bottling and marketing. Whilst in Bordeaux the name of the château owner is a guarantee of the wine's quality, in Burgundy one must look for the name of the *négociant*.



Bernard Gross

The vineyards of Moulin-à-Vent which produce one of the finest Beaujolais wines. The proprietors in this district are peasants who dwell on their land

South of Burgundy we have the Beaujolais district, whose wine, not so widely known and of less sumptuous character, is extremely sensitive to climatic changes and hence a bad traveller: in its prime it is rarely found outside its home. The region is a rather mountainous one whose vine-covered slopes are often very steep. Comparatively large vineyards are exploited by peasant owners who dwell on their land and whose activity is usually not limited to the vine. Here again, as in Burgundy, the rarity of large châteaux is emphasized by the existence of a *négociant* or a *courtier*.

To facilitate the purchase of machinery and equipment, some of the Beaujolais wine growers have formed co-operatives. Formerly the independent grower was too impoverished to obtain the material indispensable for his production. But the wine prepared in abundance by semi-industrial methods compares unfavourably with that

produced by the peasant who lavishes an almost parental care upon his few cherished vinestocks.

Belleville-sur-Saône is the heart of the district. The original centre, Beaujeu (root of the name of Beaujolais), no longer claims that distinction. However, if it has lost some importance, it still retains great charm as a delightful little town, almost hidden amongst hillside vineyards, and the annual wine sale of its Hospices offers a certain attraction to visitors.

On the borders of the province lies the village of Romanèche-Thorins, where an old windmill casts peaceful shadows over the 32 vineyards of Moulin-à-Vent. These vines give us one of the finest of Beaujolais wines.

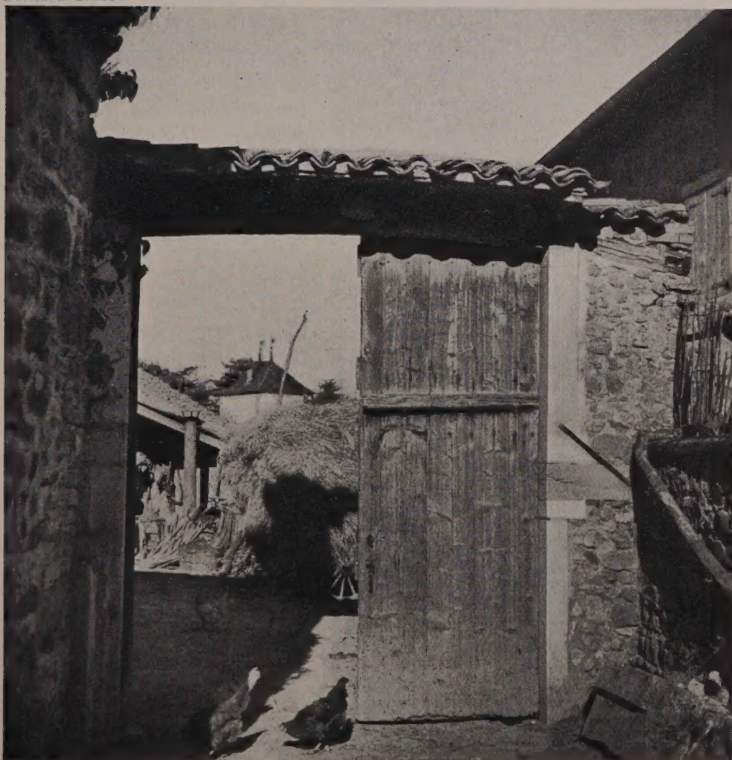
It was here, by that same windmill, that Julius Caesar rested his harassed legions on their march through Gaul. The camping ground was then baptized 'Romana Esca' (Roman Food).

The vineyards of Juliéna in the Beaujolais district. On the hillside behind is the village of St-Joseph. This photograph was taken in June when the vines were in flower. By harvest time they had grown much bigger



Bernard Gross

Bernard Gross



The homestead of a Beaujolais wine-grower (who combines viniculture with mixed farming) near the village of Fleurie which produces excellent wine though it is not widely known. Beaujolais wine is very sensitive to climatic changes and travels badly. In its prime it is seldom found outside its home



Bernard Gross

Bernard Gross



Near Chablis. In the foreground are the Côte-des-Lys vineyards; beyond are those of Côte-de-Léchet, and on the right is the village of Milly. These vineyards slope down towards Chablis which lies a mile or so to the right. Cultivation of the vine is intensive in this area. Good Chablis years were 1921, 1926 and 1929. Only those wines which come from the Chardonnay grape within the parish of Chablis and six other communes may be called 'Grand - Chablis'

Part of the fortifications of Chablis overlooking the river Serein. In this town live the vineyards' owners, mostly prosperous traders

The region of Chablis, lying to the north of Burgundy, is best described as a town surrounded by vineyards. A commercial town, perhaps, yet it is a town of aristocrats, for its merchants have for long been ennobled by the traditions of the trade which they ply, the wine trade. Here in Chablis the ancient splendour is reflected from emblazoned porches into narrow, sun-threaded streets, and everywhere one is conscious of the vine.

The town lies in a basin at the foot of surrounding hills, whose slopes bear the vine. Cultivation is intense in this comparatively small area. Here no peasant is to be found scratching a meagre living from a few acres of land, but prosperous traders, who control their vineyards from the town. The jurassic soil is very rocky and stones litter the surface of the earth. Sharp winter frosts are frequent and 'propping' of the vine is essential.

The Alsatian vineyards cover the lower slopes of the Vosges in a narrow ribbon of land above the Rhine valley. The grapes are almost exclusively white and their extremely high vine-props present a striking appearance. Summers are short and nights usually of intense cold, the vine of Alsace certainly does not receive its '100 days of sunshine' and might seem to express its dissatisfaction in the sharp, dry character of its wine.

Alsace has a background of historical importance and its rich vineyards have changed hands many times. Châteaux and abbeys, whose ruins are still silhouetted high on mountain summits, once owned all the vineyards and long protected the vine and its tradition from armed conflict and invaders. Gradually, the land has been divided amongst the peasants.



From 'The Land of France' (Batsford)

Roubier

Half-timbered houses and gabled roofs proclaim Riquewihr to be an Alsatian village of the Haut-Rhin. Note the high vine-props in the vineyards behind

None of today's manifold societies and clubs of gourmets and wine lovers imposes upon its initiates such severe tests as did the Academy of the Horn, whose members met at Hos Barr during the 16th century. Founded by the Bishop of Strasbourg, Jean de Munterscheid, this assembly of connoisseurs demanded that the neophyte should empty, at a draught, a horn containing four litres of wine! To us an almost fantastic trial, such a feat meant nothing more than an incommensurable interruption of respiration to the Alsatian, for he hailed from a stock of prodigious drinking

capacity. Festive occasions were celebrated in the old Flemish style of the *kermesse* and the modern Alsatian differs little from his ancestors.

Notwithstanding the people's thirst, a large proportion of the harvests' yields manages to escape home consumption.

Between the valleys of the rivers Marne and Vesle, the chalky 'Mountain' of Rheims dominates the plain. Further south range wooded hills, the Côte-des-Blancs. From them and the Mountain of Rheims comes champagne.

The vineyards of the Mountain of Rheims, divided into three districts, produce the black grape, and every bottle of genuine champagne consists of a blend of the three vintages, together with that of

the white grapes of the Côte-des-Blancs.

We have seen how in the Bordelais region wealthy owners of large vineyards prevail, marketing their wines under their individual guarantee, and how in Burgundy, where land is divided into small properties, the peasant owner must look to the *négociant* for the treatment and sale of his wines. Here, in Champagne, is a new economic factor. The expansive vineyards are controlled and exploited by large firms whose capital permits the purchase of the most up-to-date equipment. We have already mentioned that genuine champagne is a blend of the four wines of the region, hence we find that such firms own the vineyards in each particular area. The quality of the champagne depends entirely upon the blender.

Champagne is the result of a perfected process called *Méthode Champenoise*, invented by a blind monk in the year 1685. When the grapes are picked, they are immediately pressed and the juice drawn off so as to prevent its taking colour from the crushed berries. After a forced fermentation, lasting for six weeks, the juice or 'must' has become a wine, a *vin nature* which must now be transformed into champagne. The *vin nature* is next blended and a certain amount of pure cane sugar added preparatory to bottling. After a period of rest, about three to four years, the wine sparkles but is not clear. Clarification is effected in this manner.

Into holes pierced in large slant-topped tables, the bottles are inserted horizontally, by the neck. There they remain for a period of three months, during which time a specialist carefully turns and tilts the bottles until they are raised to an almost vertical position. In this way the sediment gathers at the neck of the bottle, leaving the remainder crystal clear. The necks are then frozen, the bottles uncorked and the expansion of the gas forces out the icicle embodying the sediment.

In the hilly region of Anjou, jigsawed by the river Loire and its tributaries,

CHAMPAGNE

1908 FAIR	* 1923 EXCELLENT
1909 PLEASANT	1924 PLEASANT
1910 BAD	1925 BAD
* 1911 PERFECT	* 1926 PERFECT
1912 GOOD	1927 FAIR
1913 FAIR	* 1928 PERFECT
* 1914 GOOD	* 1929 EXCELLENT
* 1915 PERFECT	1930 FAIR
1916 FAIR	1931 PLEASANT
1917 PLEASANT	* 1932 GOOD
* 1918 EXCELLENT	* 1933 EXCELLENT
* 1919 EXCELLENT	1934 GOOD
* 1920 EXCELLENT	1935 PLEASANT
* 1921 PERFECT	1936 FAIR
1922 FAIR	* 1937 PERFECT

* Champagne producers date only those vintages marked.

By courtesy of the Écu de France

From the wine-list of a London restaurant

A 'vintage' champagne is one that bears both on cork and label the date on which the greater part of the grapes used in the *cuvée* were picked



Paul Popper

French Railways—National Tourist Office



Harvesting grapes on the Vallée d'Épernay on the north bank of the Marne. The vine here, and on the 'Mountain' of Rheims, is the 'black pinot'. Though the skin of this grape is purple, the juice is a greenish-white. Harvesting takes place late in September, and as the grapes must be gathered very rapidly everyone helps

South of the Marne, on the Côte-des-Blancs, only 'white pinot Chardonnay' is grown. The fruit is cut from beneath its shield of leaves and placed in baskets; then it is examined by a tribunal of old women armed with long, pointed scissors, who snip off unsound and undeveloped berries, before it is taken away to the press



Bernard Gross

La Coulée de Serrant, which slopes down to the Loire near Savennières in Anjou. Only wine made from 'Chennin blanc' or 'pinot de la Loire' grapes is entitled to the name 'Anjou'

vineyards cover every inch of the abrupt cliffs overhanging the streams. The slopes are indeed so steep that horses cannot be employed to till the soil, and terracing is often essential.

Anjou produces mainly white and *rosé* wines; one of the most famous white wines of the region comes from the vineyards of Quart-de-Chaumes, so called after the nearby village of Chaumes and an ancient custom: a landowner would lease his land upon condition that it was planted with vines and a quarter of the harvest ren-

dered to him. He even demanded the building of a special road, from the vineyard to his residence, along which his due would be carried. Such a road was known as the *Route Quartière*.

The spirit of the Angevin peasant has been immortalized by Rabelais and the character of the wines of Anjou seems to have been crystallized in his inimitable wit.

Harvest time in Anjou! Out from the peasant cottages, before the morning mists have lifted, come entire families—fathers,

mothers, babes, grandparents, all clambering onto the high-wheeled carts. Gaiety and persiflage are rife, for the vine has again given fruit and wine will flow.

It is October, but the sun's rays are still warm. The calm vineyards now present scenes of busy activity. Two pairs of hands are at work on each row of vines. The most appetizing-looking bunches of grapes are spurned by the picker for, whilst in most regions the grapes are gathered when they have reached maturity, here they must attain over-ripeness to merit harvest. When the fruit begins to ripen a parasitic fungus, the *Botrytis acinorum* appears on the skin of the grape. This *pourriture noble* (noble rot) serves, through osmosis, to absorb the water contained in the fruit, leaving a concentrated syrup. Once completely over-ripe, the grapes become flaccid, presenting a thoroughly unattractive appearance, as if wrapped in cobwebs, for the fungus envelops the berries in a grey, moss-like coating.

Into the vintner's wooden pails go these grapes, whilst their more healthy-looking neighbours await the next gathering, when they too will have attained over-maturity.

The pails are emptied into *portoires*, large 50-litre containers which are borne upon a horse-drawn sled between the rows of vine. The sled is called a *traîne* and the manner of its loading *faire la somme*, for at one time the *portoires* were attached directly to the pack-saddle of a beast of burden—*bête de somme*.

Up and down the central path of the vineyard passes a cart, which takes the *portoires* to the press. Whilst the ancient type of wooden hand-press is still in use, the electrically driven *pressoir* is much in evidence. Its structure, however, remains simple in outline and the principle has been little modified. A *pressoir* of average dimensions will contain a quantity equivalent to six hogsheads (220 litres each) of wine. Whilst the mound of grapes grows inside the press, a man clammers onto the mass and treads the fruit tightly

down. One is relieved to note that he wears clogs, and still more relieved when assured that these clogs are kept specially for the purpose.

When filled to the brim, the press is closed and the real job begins. With a horizontal action a screw forces one side of the press crushingly inwards, whilst the juice flows from all sides into grooved ducts and runs down into a reservoir. A mesh of copper wire holds back most of the fruit pulp. This operation over, the squashed remains, now forming a solid cake, are pitched out on to the ground and thoroughly raked over—a procedure known as *la rebêche*. But the poor, maltreated grapes have yet to undergo further trials for, after the *rebêche*, back into the press they go and the whole business recommences. After a third pressing not



Bernard Gross

Workers in the Anjou vineyards are, in the best sense, among the merriest devotees of Bacchus. Life sparkles here, even for grandfathers!



The Château de la Mauvoisinière at Liré, in Anjou. The district is famed for a dry white wine, 'Muscadet', and has been celebrated in the following sonnet:

*Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme cestui-là qui conquît la toison,
Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son âge!*

*Quand reverrai-je, hélas, de mon petit village
Fumer la cheminée, et en quelle saison
Reverrai-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
Qui m'est une province, et beaucoup d'avantage!*

*Plus me plaît le séjour qu'ont bâti mes aïeux
Que des palais romains le front audacieux:
Plus que le marbre dur me plaît l'ardoise fine,*

*Plus mon Loire gaulois que le Tibre latin,
Plus mon petit Liré que le Mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine.*

JOACHIM DU BELLAY (1525-1560)



Bernard Gross

Loading grapes from the portoirs onto the cart which will take them to the press

Schall



Many wooden hand presses, such as this one, are still in use. After pressing, the juice is run into large vats in which it is left quietly to ferment of its own accord. This process changes the sugar in the juice into alcohol. Purifying follows, and then bottling

even a single berry is recognizable by its shape and one may handle the mangled result without fear of sticky fingers. Later, fire claims its fuel of pressed grapes for brandy-making.

In order to avoid coloration, immediately after the pressing has been completed, white wine is poured into casks to ferment. Rosé wine is treated similarly, except that a little of the crushed fruit is thrown into the cask with the wine to lend it colour. If the wine is to be red, the must is not separated from the pulp but the two are placed together in vats. Unlike white and rosé wines, red wine does not ferment in a cask, but is first placed in a large vat, where a 'tumultuous' fermentation ensues, during which the wine bubbles so that it seems to boil. Later the wine is drawn off from the crushed grapes and a slower fermentation takes place in newly made barrels.

During harvest time the grower will often measure the degree of alcohol and sugar contained in the must and, if found lacking in either, a period of intercession is allowed to pass before grape-picking continues. Thus a day or two more of sunshine may aid the fruit towards greater ripeness.

With wine safely stowed in casks, the grower is not yet able to reap the benefits of his toil, for months, sometimes years, must elapse before the wine is ready for consumption. Anjou wines from the

October harvest may be enjoyed in the following March, whilst the grand wines of Bordeaux or Burgundy must be at least three years of age before reaching the table.

Evaporation makes ulling (filling to the bung or 'eye') necessary and, when wines are kept for long periods before bottling, frequent ullings are effected, particularly in the first year. The barrels have also to be racked, *i.e.* cleansed of all sediment adhering to their interiors, rinsed with fresh wine and refilled. Perhaps most important of all is the process of clarification. The wine, to which the whites of eggs have been added, is thoroughly whisked, by which process impurities coagulate into the froth which appears on the surface. The wine is then skimmed and left pure and clear.

Further repose, the duration of which varies with the character of the wine, follows before bottling, and the careful grower will pay frequent visits to his quiet cellars, tasting-cup in hand, to sample the quality and tone of his wine.

The end of the harvest and long days of toil bring unbounded celebration in the villages and towns. Streets are thronged with laughing crowds and wagers are laid at street corners as to the prospective quantity and quality of the harvest's yield, whilst in cafés old men compare reminiscences of harvests long past, but never forgotten in the land where the vine grows.



My Native Yorkshire

by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

*In a series of full-length novels which have had a prodigious sale, Miss Bentley has been the means of introducing her native Yorkshire to the world. No one who has read, for instance, her *Inheritance*, could forget the tremendous background against which the battle that accompanied the introduction of machines into the cloth trade was fought or how, for long periods, Yorkshiremen were at each other's throats. That struggle was an episode in Yorkshire's past. The following article presents a more panoramic view and throws into proportion the elements which have given county and people so distinctive a character*

YORKSHIRE, said Speed the map-maker in 1627, "of it-selfe is so beautifull in her own naturall colours, that (without much helpe) she presents delightfull varieties both to the sight and other senses". These 'delightful varieties' of scene and story are combined in Yorkshire with a certain strong unity of character and social outlook; one must turn to the geography and history of the county to understand why.

Yorkshire is the largest county of England. Its southernmost point is about 160, its northernmost about 246, miles north of London. It lies on the eastern side of the Pennine Chain, and includes a considerable part of that Chain and its outlying spurs within its borders, rolling slowly away from these spurs towards the North Sea.

We have in Yorkshire, because of these fundamental topographical facts, varieties of landscape which are not only 'delightfull' but, within the limits imposed by the climate of the temperate zone, really quite considerable too. The county has a long seacoast, rising towards the north into the high cliffs of Flamborough and Whitby, sinking towards the south into the "miles of brownish-purple shining mud" so well described by Winifred Holtby in her novel *South Riding*. Along this seacoast there are primitive fishing villages, such as Robin Hood's Bay, the scene of that fine film *The Turn of the Tide*, and Staithes, the scene of the boyhood of Captain Cook; there are large and flourishing seaside resorts, with all the apparatus of bands and bathing pools, such as Bridlington and Scarborough; while at both northern and southern extremities lies a very considerable port, to wit, Middlesbrough and Hull. These ports, too, scorn to be monotonously similar; for in peacetime Middlesbrough is an exporting port—I saw some of the steel girders for the Sydney Harbour Bridge being swung aboard there—while Hull deals with imports, as witness its great grain silos and special banana trains.

This seacoast is backed in part by flattish fertile country, and in part by wild, high, heathery moors. In the centre of the county lies a broad, fertile plain—it is from this plain that Yorkshire gained its ‘broad acres’ reputation. To the west and north, Yorkshire rises into the hills and moors of the Pennine Chain. But even here, as it chances, there is variety; for the Chain is made of sombre heather-growing millstone grit to the south of the Aire Gap, but of a white limestone, which bears short sweet green grass, for some distance above.

RICH IN RIVERS

The river system of Yorkshire is practically self-contained; its streams rise in its own Yorkshire hills and fall into its own Yorkshire sea. An old schoolmaster of my acquaintance once gave me an admirable simile for the Yorkshire rivers, for he compared the whole system to a hand—the fingers and thumb represent the many streams which rise in the Pennines, the palm is the River Ouse into which they flow, the wrist is that great estuary the Humber. Only the Tees, which takes an independent course along our northern boundary, is left out of this picture. If in addition you memorize the not un-Yorkshire-sounding word T’SUNWACD, you have the Yorkshire rivers named and placed from north to south: Tees, Swale, Ure, Nidd, Wharfe, Aire, Calder, Don. I cannot write those names coldly: they have potent associations of eye and ear and mind, for me. They mean cold rocky little becks, peat-coloured, foaming, tumbling down from bleak and sombre moorland, vigorous and undaunted; they mean heather and ling and lapwings and driving wind; then in their lower and quieter stretches they mean grey little villages, and sweeping green slopes, and, in Wharfedale, trees which in the autumn we call for good reason ‘the gold lace wood’. They mean mill chimneys and blackened water, too, of course; they mean the old walls and grand grey towers of ancient history-laden York, for indeed a city has stood where York stands now since the days before the Romans; and at the end of their course they mean the masts and funnels, the strange exciting flags and the Blue Peter hoisted, of Hull, the ninth (is it?) largest port in the world.

Because of the varied physical features of their county, Yorkshire men and women have always followed various occupations. Since there are fish in the sea, corn and cows on the plain, sheep and streams in the hills, pockets of coal and iron to north and south of Yorkshire,

Yorkshire people are fishermen, farmers, miners, and makers of cloth and steel. There have been fishermen at Whitby, certainly since the 7th century. Sheffield knives are mentioned by Chaucer; one of his Canterbury pilgrims carried a Sheffield 'thwytel' in his hose.

THE CLOTH TRADE

Some people will tell you that King Edward III introduced the cloth trade into England in 1331 by bringing over Flemish weavers, but we in the West Riding know better. The two essentials for the manufacture of cloth are wool and water, sheep and streams. Now the West Riding of Yorkshire is too poor a pasturage for many cattle, and its soil cannot bear heavy crops; men therefore bred sheep, which thrive. The wet Atlantic winds, striking the Pennine summits, gave Yorkshire innumerable small swift streams—that is to say, water in small units, easily accessible by many persons, in an easily handled form. And accordingly, we in the West Riding were not surprised when Professor Herbert Heaton found in the British Museum a letter of A.D. 796, which proves that cloth was manufactured in the northern midlands for sale and export even at that very early date. The letter is from Charlemagne, Emperor of the Franks, to Offa, King of Mercia; in it Charlemagne asks Offa to see that the woollen cloaks sent to his country may be "made of the same pattern as used to come to us in olden time". When I tell this story to contemporary cloth manufacturers a somewhat grim smile crosses their faces, for complaints about cloth not being up to sample, either in weaving, dyeing, finishing, length or breadth, have been familiar in the West Riding from Offa's day to our own.

But even if we waive Charlemagne's letter—though I don't see why we should—we have many evidences of the cloth trade's existence in Yorkshire before 1331. In the porch of the Parish Church of my native town of Halifax, there is a gravestone of the date of 1150, which bears a carving, rough but quite unmistakable to anyone who has seen the implement represented, of a pair of cloth-cropper's shears.

Again, the Wakefield Court Records reveal many instances of people appearing before the Court who bear textile trade names. In 1201, for example, Simon the Dyer has been selling wine when he shouldn't; in 1237 William Webster and John Lister are in trouble, I think about their rent; in 1275 Thomas the Webster has been letting his donkey feed

on a neighbour's ground. Now all these names are textile trade names; a Webster is a weaver, a Lister a dyer, and so on. So Edward III did not 'introduce' the cloth trade into England; like the experienced statesman he was, he sought to improve what was already there.

To what extent this trade of hand-woven cloth, domestically manufactured, eventually developed, growing steadily in spite of all the 'strong blasts of adversity' of which we read from time to time in Yorkshire petitions, is revealed in that famous passage in Defoe's *Tour of Great Britain* which describes how the author of *Robinson Crusoe* entered Yorkshire over the (to him very alarming) Pennine hills. He found the country, says Defoe: "one continued village, tho' mountainous every way, hardly a house standing out of speaking distance from another . . . at almost every house there was a tenter" (a wooden frame on which cloth was spread to dry) "and on every tenter a piece of cloth". Indeed, a dozen or so years later, in 1738, a clothier living on one of these hill-tops outside Halifax sold £35,000 worth of cloth in a year, and sent his pieces as far afield as St Petersburg and Astrakhan.

These various trades, of fish and corn, cloth and coal and steel, with all their social and economic implications, must always be remembered as the background of the 'history' of Yorkshire, as that word is customarily used.

YORKSHIRE STANDS FOR FREEDOM

Purcell, in a work performed at a Yorkshire 'Feast of Song' held in York in 1690, in compliment to Yorkshire people, whom he imagined as descendants of the old British tribe of Brigantes once inhabiting our part of the country, had these words sung:

The sons of old Brigantium stood
Disputing freedom with their blood
Undaunted by the purple flood.

It is a matter of some satisfaction to me to be able to record that whenever Yorkshire appears on the page of English history, she is usually disputing (*i.e.* defending) freedom, either with or without blood. The Brigantes themselves were a tough lot, who gave the Romans a good deal of trouble. I'm afraid we must admit that we were overrun by the Danes, forming part of the Danish kingdom or Danelaw in the 9th century, much to the grief of Alfred the Great. I must admit it, because the evidence compels; for traces of this Danish occupation still



Malhamdale lo

Muker, in Swaledale
Will F. Taylor

Pennine country
The Times

Robin Hood's Bay
Will F. Taylor



The Times

Malham



Sheffield chimneys

The Times



York Minster

The Times

Whitby Harbour

Will F. Taylor



linger in our northern speech. The word 'Riding' itself, which I have already used several times, is of Danish origin; it comes from 'thirthing', a third part. There are therefore very properly only three Ridings in Yorkshire; North, East and West. (Winifred Holtby's 'South' Riding was a neat invention of her own.) The local historians list many other of these words, which were once (and perhaps are still) good Danish usage, but in Yorkshire are 'dialect' today.

FIRE AND SWORD

But if I admit the Danes as conquerors, I am able to claim that at the Norman Conquest, the North was the only section of England which put up any persistent resistance to William; it rebelled against him on behalf of its earls, Edwin and Morcar, and suffered terribly at his hands in consequence. The Domesday Book for Yorkshire reveals this very clearly. Entry after entry, when its abbreviations are translated and expanded, runs, after telling the number of carucates of ploughland in an estate, something as follows: "Egbert the Saxon used to have it, Ranulph the Norman has it now; in the time of King Edward it was worth twenty shillings, now it is worth three shillings; it is all waste". Some historians now consider that the land may not in fact have been as waste as William's Commissioners believed; the people may perhaps have driven their sheep away up into the Pennine fastnesses, whence they returned, comfortably intact and not on the taxable list, when the Commissioners departed. Other authorities, however, think that Yorkshire was many hundred years recovering from William's fire and sword, and did not really catch up with the southern parts of England, in wealth and culture, till the coming of the Industrial Revolution. Some southerners, indeed, think that as regards culture we have never caught them up at all; but again, we think differently.

In the 17th century, Yorkshire played a very striking, and indeed a decisive, part in the Civil War. The east of the county, and the land-owners generally, took Charles I's side; the clothing towns of the west were for the Parliament. (Wool-packs were hung on the steeple of Bradford Church, to protect musketeers within, during a siege of that town by the Royalists.) A very unequal struggle between the parties was carried on staunchly for some time under the leadership of that fine Yorkshireman, Sir Thomas Fairfax; and eventually, with Cromwell's help and to the general astonishment, the Royalists were broken

on Marston Moor, outside York. Sir Thomas was made Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament's New Model army in consequence, and won the first Civil War. He disapproved so strongly of the execution of Charles and some other dogmatic behaviours of the Parliamentarians that he presently gave up his command; Cromwell's later victories have too much obscured Fairfax's real greatness, and the contribution to the triumph of Parliamentary institutions made by the Yorkshiremen who followed him.

The feeling for religious freedom which expressed itself in the Civil War in Yorkshire and offered a fertile soil a century later to the preaching of Wesley, has persisted down the years, and has always formed one of the most important elements in the social atmosphere of the county. To think as one likes and speak one's mind plainly is still the cherished privilege of the offspring of the Brigantes.

19TH-CENTURY MEMORIES

The other great drama of Yorkshire history is the coming of the Industrial Revolution, which, applying machinery to the age-old processes of making cloth, in the early years of the last century made the cloth districts the scene at once of unparalleled commercial prosperity and its natural accompaniment, the growth of trade-unionism. Forests of tall slender mill chimneys, great red eyes of boiler fires, plumes of black smoke tossing against a grey wild sky; clogs and shawls, the rhythmic clatter of the looms, sheets of cardboard with neat little scraps of cloth, 'patterns', symmetrically attached—these are my childhood memories of the late 19th century in Yorkshire.

American tariffs against cloth hit the West Riding so hard in the 1890's that it was said grass would grow in the streets of Bradford—but somehow Bradford pulled through.

In the last war all the Ridings were, I think, prosperous, for steel and cloth and crops were all in demand. The post-war slump, however, almost crushed the makers of cloth and steel. In my own town, one-third of the total population was at one time drawing unemployment benefit, while business after business went down in ruin, and even those which escaped the final disaster of bankruptcy 'felt the wind' and were spoken of as 'deep in with the bank', meaning that their overdraft was a steep one. Again the prophecy about grass and Bradford was freely uttered; but again it missed fulfilment. Somehow or other, though

more by good luck than management, as Yorkshire said grimly, somehow or other trade crept round again; again the looms clattered and the lorries, modern representatives of the weaver's donkey, rolled. Though now, with the coming of electricity, there is one great change in the West Riding scene; smoke no longer pours out in great plumes from the tall chimneys, but emerges doubtfully in a thin trickle, as if uncertain, as indeed it well might be, of its welcome.

YORKSHIRE CHARACTERISTICS

Now whether it is the bleak air of Yorkshire, or its distance from the country's capital, or the drop of Danish blood still flowing, though diluted, through our veins, or William's fire and sword, or the long and honourable history of our skilled manufactures, or some other factor, I do not know; but certain it is that all Yorkshiremen, though they may differ in Riding, occupation, speech, wealth, politics and religion, have a social outlook and a character in common. They are efficient and proud of it; free and proud of it; robust and self-reliant; sensible, 'with no nonsense about them', perhaps a little too apt to despise the subtler and richer manifestations of the intellect and the emotions; kindly but shrewd; above all, stubborn—"easy to lead but impossible to drive", as Charlotte Brontë once wrote of a notable specimen. They are musical—musical in a broad, hearty, unsubtle way; every little town and village in the West Riding has a choral society, which performs the works of Handel with immense vigour, precision and enjoyment. It often has a brass band, too, which becomes active at football matches and on Boxing Day; but this is perhaps a legacy from a simpler age. Modern Yorkshire loves the amateur drama; the Playhouse, the Thespian Society, the Little Theatre, abound, both in crowded city and quiet countryside. (I have seen admirable performances in a dale village of 400 people.) Indeed amateur societies of every kind flourish in modern Yorkshire, all very constitutionally run by committees carefully elected—I know no place where there are more committees to the square inch than in my native county. And mind you, in Yorkshire a committee *is* a committee; to Yorkshire committee members it is not so much a duty as a pleasure to express their (usually strongly divergent) views. Photography, films, history, science, recorded music, authorship; all have their devotees.

After the first shock of the coming of this war, when everybody felt

they must stay at home and await the sirens when not on duty with A.R.P., all these societies robustly rallied; art, science, literature and economics, the committees solemnly told each other, must be carried on, black-out or no black-out; and now every night along the darkened streets and lanes of Yorkshire the determined supporters of innumerable small cultural organizations, convinced of their own importance in the social scheme, staunchly wend their way to their regular meetings. For the belief in knowledge is the banner of the North—so long as it is sound practical knowledge which can be turned to sound practical uses. The Education Acts of the 1870's were seen through Parliament by the Member for Bradford, and our Technical Colleges are unrivalled in England except by our sister county, our friendly rival across the Pennines.

The thought of Lancashire brings me, of course, to cricket, in which sphere Yorkshire has, for some inexplicable reason, considerable claims to fame. Our bowlers and batsmen may not be the most graceful stylists—though that is one of the mooter points, as Dr Wodehouse would say—but, as Yorkshiremen often characteristically argue, they get the wickets and the runs, and what more do you require?

AND YORKSHIRE PENS

One last item of modern Yorkshire sociology I must mention, for it is, I think, significant, and perhaps unique. In 1938 a dinner was held in Leeds, to which were invited only Yorkshire authors—that is, by definition, authors Yorkshire-born, or so long Yorkshire bred that they regarded Yorkshire as their native county, who had published a certain quantum of reasonably good work. One hundred and eight attended! Can any other county claim half as many? This present sketch of Yorkshire, though lamentably imperfect, may yet have indicated some of the wealth of literary material which lies ready to the Yorkshireman's hand and therefore perhaps stimulates in him the desire to handle it.

Fuller, writing of Yorkshire in 1662, observed: "One may call and justify this to be the best shire of England . . . though other Counties have more of the Warm Sun, this hath as much as any of God's temporall blessings". It is a just description, conveying by implication the cold winds, the robust practical character, the solid achievements and the staunch vigour of a county which I, too, feel to be the best of shires.

A Doctor in the Cameroons

by THOMAS HARDIE DALRYMPLE, M.B., Ch.B.

The author of this article left a successful English practice to become Medical Officer in the Nigerian Medical Service and was put in charge of one of five districts given into the care of five English doctors. His Glasgow training well fitted him, apparently, for the exigencies of Africa, where his services as doctor, counsellor and social convener were continuously in demand and widely appreciated

A GENTLE movement of the air passed down the sun-baked village street. It was sufficient to stir the drooping palm fronds into breaking the noonday silence that hung over the African village, but not to disperse the myriads of flies that buzzed, hummed and droned over the garbage and decomposing scraps of offal that littered the village square. Nor did it bring any relief to the Government Medical Officer, who with the Chief and elders, was standing at the end of the street.

They had just completed an inspection of the village and the doctor had suggested a few rudimentary sanitary measures, only to be met with the usual difficult question: "If we go clean the town and bury this dirty—how the pigs go eat? And if pigs no eat, they go die. Then we no get chop and we go die too." So is it better to live with plenty of food and risk an epidemic or ensure that there will be no epidemic and die of starvation? That is the ever-

present problem of the Medical Officer in the Cameroons who is in charge of a 'bush' area.

A considerable portion of his time has to be spent in touring these villages. Transport is either by horse or on foot—particularly in the northern part of this division where the country is mostly rugged and mountainous. With twenty to thirty carriers, the doctor sets out on a fixed itinerary, the chiefs on his route having been advised some time ahead of his impending visit so that they may collect all the sick in their area.

At each little place surgeries are held—a tooth pulled, an abscess opened, a case advised to go to hospital, vaccination carried out and so on. As soon as the doctor starts work the patients rush forward to receive attention and it is quite impossible to preserve order. But once they have been treated, they sit down in a circle round the doctor and spend the rest of the day watching, or shrieking with merriment when someone recoils at an injection or a tooth extraction.

The surgery over, the Chief and the elders accompany the doctor round the village and he advises them on sanitation and simple health measures that should be adopted, and next morning the little cavalcade moves off and makes for the next 'big town' as the carriers refer to a collection of huts which boasts of a market of four or more stalls.

These wayside clinics are now a regular feature of life in the Cameroons and are much appreciated by the people. Some idea of the volume of work done is given by the fact that in one division over 7000 patients were treated for special diseases





All photographs by T. H. Dalrymple

Since Britain accepted the mandate over a part of the Cameroons, five hospitals have been established. Four, including the one at Victoria shown above, are European in design; the fifth is built on native lines so that 'bush' people may feel at home in it

in one year. And this was in addition to the ordinary run of business!

Since the British accepted the mandate over a portion of the Cameroons, hospitals with medical officers in charge have been established at five places in the four divisions — Victoria, Mamfe, Kumba, Bamenda and at the town of Bansa or Kumbo 70 miles further north. And though he spends many months of the year touring the district, the hospital is the Medical Officer's headquarters. The Bansa hospital is the only 'bush' hospital. The others are modern, well-equipped buildings built with an eye to permanence.

A 'bush' hospital is constructed from materials obtainable in the district and is architecturally on the same lines as local buildings. When in a pagan area where people are shy and apprehensive it is considered better to keep the hospital in line

with their own views on house construction, rather than erect a solid brick-built building, as they are then much more likely to give the 'White Dokitor' a chance to show what he can do.

The main offices, dispensary and store of the Bansa hospital are contained in a long bamboo and mud building with doors and windows 'European fashion'; but the wards consist of a collection of round or square huts with a small sliding door placed about eighteen inches above floor-level. All are built of bamboo and have grass roofs. In the centre of each is a ring of stones and there a fire burns during the night as it is intensely cold at this altitude — 5000 feet above sea-level. The interiors of the wards are smoke-blackened and festooned with spears, sticks, bags, pipes and all the personal belongings of the occupants. As most of them come

from distant villages, they bring with them their families and all their possessions and so make the hut which is allotted to them their temporary home.

THE DOCTOR'S CASE-BOOK

The patients, in any Cameroon hospital, vary as much as they do in a clinic in London or New York. There is the talkative gentleman who will inform you by signs and expressions that he has excruciating pains of unbearable magnitude in every part of his anatomy—that his eyes, ears, throat and stomach cause him intense discomfort, that he is almost a cripple; and yet on overhearing a remark that there is a calabash of Mimbo (Palm

Wine) in a distant hut, free for the asking, will be off like a Marathon runner if he gets half a chance.

There is the quiet little woman who with a huge ulcer extending from ankle to knee, has walked in from some village 50 or 60 miles away with a child strapped on her back and a long basket of yams and bananas on her head. Very probably she will refuse admission, saying that she must return at once to look after her farm.

It is, however, the surgical cases that are the most distressing as they consider that after the operation they are 'cured' and it is no uncommon thing to be informed that the long-standing hernia victim who was operated upon only two days previously has left of his own accord during the night. The native will not realize that there is anything but the small superficial wound to heal and, with pagan contempt for a minor injury, he believes he is now cured. No matter what is said to him, he maintains that the 'Big Trouble' has been cut away and that the doctor only wishes to detain him to satisfy some personal whim. Fortunately these cases rarely go septic—at least I have seldom seen one—but the patient frequently does return with a recurrence of the condition, for which he blames the doctor, saying he did not 'cut away good last time'.

THE STAFF

Apart from the Medical Officer, all the hospital staff are natives. The two most important are the interpreter and the dispenser. The latter is always a government-trained man. He gives anaesthetics, dispenses prescriptions, makes a note of each case and attends to patients when the doctor is away on trek. Next in the hierarchy come the nurses—and lowest in the social scale, a brawny labour gang.

Perhaps most vital of all is the interpreter for he is the direct link between the doctor and the world in which he works. He is usually a local 'bright boy' who has begun as a labourer and has risen by



An out-patient from Bamenda. Before motherhood the hair is worn long; after, the head is shaved except for a strip from forehead to nape

Apart from the Medical Officers, these Cameroon hospitals are staffed by natives. The nurses as well as the orderlies are male. Here a young orderly is busily at work removing from banana tree trunks layers of bark which are used for bandages



(Above) A Government-trained dispenser. He is an important hospital functionary whose main duty is to persuade his fellow-countrymen to abandon native superstition in favour of modern hygiene. (Right) Alexander, assistant surgeon and interpreter at Bamenda. He is a vital link between doctor and patients, knows the local chiefs, and is a capable assistant in the operating theatre



wit, cunning or personality—usually all three—to this exalted and envied position. He attaches himself to the doctor and is always to be seen hovering around during and after office hours. These interpreters are generally self-educated men who seem to be far ahead mentally of all the other people; they are well versed in all that is taking place in the district, they know the area and all the ‘bush’ paths to the different towns and villages. They also have a personal acquaintance with the Chiefs and seem to possess an uncanny insight into their characters.

“SYMPTOMS PLEASE”

Even in the parts where English is spoken, the services of the Interpreter are in constant demand. At least until the doctor becomes accustomed to such language as: “Massa, me skin he slack” (“My body is weak, run-down—I am not able to work without feeling tired”). “Massa, I want you for broke me” (“I want an operation”). “Massa, Me, I no deh look good” (“My eyesight is troubling me”).

But even when you have learnt the idiom or had it translated you are little better off than the ‘Vet’ at home; for the African of the ‘bush’ cannot explain symptoms or give the doctor any medical history. This is the sort of conversation that might be expected:

Doctor: What un do you?

Patient: I get complain for my skin.

Doctor: For which side?

Patient: My head deh knak, knak for inside.

Doctor: You deh go latrine propheh?

Patient: Too much, he fine.

Doctor: You belly deh humbug you?

Patient: He deh halla inside like cow yown.

Doctor: You get any other complain?

Patient: No massa, but I deh want chuke (injection).

The patient then goes off for an injection that is purely a psychological treatment and the medicine that he really

requires. *Diagnosis:* A Gastric Catarrh. And this is in the more civilized parts of the ‘bush’!

NATIVE MEDICINE

In the remote towns the Native Administration have built dispensaries under the direction of the District Officer. These are staffed by locally trained attendants but are under the supervision of the doctor. With a local man to assist them, they dispense simple drugs, attend to minor injuries and attempt to improve the sanitation of the village. But their main duty is to wean people from native medicines, witch doctors and ‘juju’ cults to sanitation, personal hygiene and antiseptics.

Worm infestations, ulcers and yaws are by far the commonest diseases met with by the Medical Units. Yaws, easily the most serious because it frequently leads to permanent disability, is kept under control by Yaw Chindas: men trained to give the necessary treatment who are sent out to the various villages. They report to the doctor at intervals on the number of cases treated and on the prevalence of the disease in that particular locality. In the Bamenda division alone, 40,639 intramuscular injections of bismuth were given for yaws in a recent year. In this way the natives are taught to help their own people and the people see a direct return for the taxes which they are required to pay to the Administration each year.

Native medicines are numerous and though a certain amount of research has been carried out on them, little is known. The office of native ‘Doctor’ is handed down from father to son and naturally the families take every care to guard their secrets from competitors. It is always very difficult to find out what drugs a patient has been taking before reporting at Hospital. To the question of “What has been used here?” the reply will probably be “Medicine from leaf, suh”. And when asked to describe the leaf, the usual answer is “He deh from bush”. If one



A hospital group with a difference: it includes a party of 'witch doctors' who had come to the hospital at Bamenda to watch Dr Simpson, seen on the right, perform a surgical operation

does insist on seeing the leaf, probably a hospital labourer will be sent to find a specimen—only to return in a few days with a knowing grin (obvious indications of a very recent debauch on palm wine) and a bunch of withered foliage in his hand which he declares is the leaf that "Dokitor want for look".

There are, however, a number of reputable native doctors in the 'bush'. (I have known one who cured a case of insanity after European doctors were convinced that nothing could be done for the man.) Each of these natives specializes in some particular branch of medicine—abscesses, ulcers, fractures, circumcisions, etc.

Once they realize that the white man is out to help and not to interfere, they become quite friendly and like to come up to the hospital to watch the European surgeons at work. Their reactions are

rather interesting as they maintain that apart from the 'sleep water' (chloroform), they operate with less fuss, not so many instruments, much quicker, and get, in their opinion, almost as good results. At the same time they admit that we can treat many diseases—such as abdominal conditions—which are quite beyond them.

BLACK MAGIC

The 'juju' man, or witch doctor, rarely takes an active part in the treatment of cases—his work is more psychological and his activities are closely bound up in the communal life of the people. There is the 'good' and the 'bad' juju man and between them they form a very effective primitive police force.

A bad juju man is rarely seen in the light of day. In some cases he lives in a small rectangular bamboo house on a

stone plinth in the village square—sometimes in the Chief's own quarters. At night-fall he appears, usually preceded by an attendant with a bell or clapper who warns people to hide as the evil one is approaching. Many exaggerated stories are told of their strength and feats. One is reputed to be able to lift huge rocks. Of another it is said that it requires as many as ten men to keep him under control. As few, if any, people are abroad at night, little faith can be placed in these stories. Nevertheless, fear of these bad juju men does prevent most people going far from their homes during the hours of darkness and is a powerful deterrent of crime.

An example of the psychological work of



Among chiefs in Dr Dalrymple's district is the N'Fon of Bansa. His splendid appearance is enforced by royal manners and a friendly disposition—

the juju man is seen in the fortuitous trials which are still conducted in the depths of the bush.

The method of trial varies in different districts, though this incident is fairly typical. The witch doctor takes two sticks and making a mark on one of them places both in front of the hole of a certain spider. Round the two sticks he builds a small fence and into the intervening area rubbish is scattered.

The spider coming out, begins to clear the debris away—piling it against one or other of the sticks. If against the marked stick, the accused is held to be guilty. He is then put to a further ordeal of drinking a potion that is supposed to kill him if he is definitely 'possessed' but to make him vomit and expel the 'evil one' if it is only in his system for a temporary visit. The drink consists of different drugs according to the locality but they are usually well-known poisons.

Such incidents naturally bring forth severe punishments from the Administration and these so-called witch doctors are very cunning when they hear there is a 'White Dokitor' in the neighbourhood. In one case that I came across, the victim (a woman who had died as a result of drinking the poison) had been completely eviscerated from her mouth to the base of the abdominal cavity so that no trace of the poison could be detected. Nothing had been left except the bare carcass and considering the instruments that had been used and the skill necessary for such an operation it was the cleanest piece of surgery I have ever seen.

DEATH SOCIETIES

Witchcraft is still practised among almost every tribe along the West Coast and is fostered in most districts by a flourishing murder club. One of the best known is the Leopard Society, whose deathly influence extends from Sierra Leone to Nigeria.

Very little is actually known about it as



—and he loves to entertain. Dr Dalrymple attended this party, to celebrate the initiation of a new juju man, or witch doctor, whom the N'Fon appoints for seven or nine years



To return hospitality the white doctor played host to the royal princesses of the House of Banso. In his garden, to the music of drums and bamboo trumpets, they danced the N'Jang



Home of a bad juju man. Fear of his powers puts the natives on their best behaviour

fear of the uncannily long arms of its members prevents natives from revealing much or invoking Government aid. Only one European has ever been allowed to witness an orgy. But it is said that members must eat human flesh as part of the initiation ceremony and may be called upon to pay a debt to the Society by killing a near relative or someone who it has ordained shall die.

A certain amount of 'medical' interest may be traced in these human sacrifices as it is a frequent belief among natives that bodily powers may be absorbed by eating the appropriate human organs. Thus, it is thought that an elderly man with failing vision will have his eyesight restored by eating the eye of a healthy youth. A belief that applies to all the organs and functions of the body.

From the nature of wounds seen after death, it is believed that murderers in the Leopard Society are equipped with gloves bearing small sharp-pointed knives which

leave marks on victims similar to those on people who have been mauled by leopards.

The animal 'god' is merely a simple camouflage—each society choosing the animal that is most common in that particular district. Thus, in the Southern Cameroons (a country abounding in still, muddy creeks) you find the Crocodile Society, and in Liberia, the Human Baboon Society. Of the Crocodile Society it is said that members make sacrifices of their own children, which is supposed to give the parent the power to turn himself at will into a crocodile.

Powers to turn into animals are attributed to people almost all along the Coast and numerous tales are told of this phenomenon, some no doubt founded on fact, though others have gained much in the telling. One case recently came to my notice of a youth who was returning home after an unsuccessful day's hunting. Coming in sight of a big tree, he noticed a large black monkey sitting on one of the

A DOCTOR IN THE CAMEROONS

branches, its tail hanging down. Slowly he approached and when within range took aim and fired. Down crashed the monkey, but on running up to it he found it had changed into a woman—his own mother. Grief-stricken, he reported the case at once, stating that he had no reason to kill anyone, far less his mother. He maintained throughout that what he saw was a black monkey perched on a branch, with its tail hanging down. The 'tail hanging down' was interesting as the women in this part of the country do not wear clothes so it could not be said that he had mistaken a piece of her clothing. Nor have these women ever been seen to climb trees. The boy and others were convinced that his mother was a Were-Monkey and had this power of transforming herself at will into this animal. This may have been a member of the Human

Baboon Society, well known in Liberia, though the scene was the northern part of the Cameroons.

Each tour brings some new incident or experience of this kind—sometimes as incredible as the woman who was making her dead husband's body into tempting savouries to send to her mother-in-law; sometimes merely as dispiriting as being left alone in a tumble-down hut for a week with one page of a newspaper as the only diversion.

THE DOCTOR'S GRAND TOUR

Most of the touring is done in the dry season—between October and June—as once the rains begin many parts of the country become impassable. The streams that trickle down the mountain sides become rushing, swollen torrents. The rivers in the valleys burst their banks and



Among a Cameroon doctor's dilemmas is the crossing of rivers without bridges: a home-made ferry-boat makes its first crossing of the river Meme with his 2-ton lorry aboard

flood the surrounding country, turning the hard-baked soil to treacherous clay. (It is partly to keep a foothold on such a surface that natives carry a long stick or spear.)

Several weeks is usually the length of a tour. With me go the interpreter, faithful Galadema the cook, and an odd assortment of carriers with medical supplies, food and my personal luggage. Along our route are Rest Houses. At their best, they are bungalows built during the German occupation of the Cameroons. At their worst, primitive native huts, often the playground of myriads of sand-flies and mosquitoes.

Nearing one of these houses where we have decided to spend the night, Galadema goes on ahead with his boy and the kitchen box. By the time the rest of the party catch him up, he will have built a hearth, lit a fire, set the table and an appetizing savour will be coming from his oven (usually an old kerosene tin).

Imagine yourself, having walked twenty-odd miles over rough mountain paths, climbing thousands of feet—then going sheer down into the clammy, steamy atmosphere of the bush and at the end of it all, walking in to a meal of soup, roast chicken, boiled potatoes, tinned peas, fruit salad and coffee! And by the time you have finished, your bath will be laid out and your bed ready. After such exercise, the party usually sleeps well and next morning as soon as it is light, is off once more. The trek frequently takes us to villages far from the main route—down soft bush paths with a thick carpet of leaves underfoot, padding like pygmies between giant 200-foot mahogany and ebony trees, balancing on rough planks laid across a muddy river or swinging ourselves over primitive bridges made of tie-tie grass.

Crossing a tie-tie bridge is an adventure for the beginner. Gingerly stepping on to the narrow bamboo footpath and gripping the supports of linas or tie-tie grass, you

slowly edge your way across—sliding one foot warily after the other. The bridge dances up and down and sways from side to side. Half-way over you may find the footpath will suddenly tip up, leaving you in semi-horizontal position, holding fast to the two main supports and pressing on the footpath to prevent yourself slipping off into the untroubled water below.

THE PRICE OF A ROAD

Coming to the Cameroons for the first time and accompanying a doctor on such a tour, a visitor might wonder why the Cameroons were not more 'advanced'. But where the cost of materials is high, and transport extremely expensive, it is necessary to improvise with the only materials at hand.

Finance is the all-important factor in opening up these tracts of territory. And when one considers that it takes roughly £600 to construct every mile of earth road and £25 a year to keep it in good repair, some idea is gained of the vast sums that would have to be spent.

Such primitive conditions as I have described are only to be found today in the more outlandish parts of the Cameroons, such as on the north-west frontier of the Bamenda division. In other areas, roads are either built or are being built now.

With better transport, Medical Officers are able to get about the area quicker and more often. As a result, greater interest is shown in medical treatment. The Native Administration have built more dispensaries. Chiefs have begun to be concerned about the health of their people and infant welfare centres are already under way. The schools assist in this movement and scholars are trained by the doctors to bathe children and administer simple treatment for the common ailments of childhood.

The result should be a considerable improvement in the general health of the people once they learn to take advantage of the facilities offered them. The great



When the doctor goes on tour in the dry season, from October to June, he takes with him a cook, an interpreter, and a number of carriers who transport medical supplies, food and personal luggage.

At a halt such as this the cook soon gets to work and prepares an excellent meal

difficulty is that centuries-old primitive cults are very difficult to overcome and the old people still adhere to the beliefs of their fathers; they also influence the younger generation when a trial at the Government Hospital has not produced an instantaneous cure.

But during the last ten years in particular, the white man has won the

natives' confidence. Little by little the people are realizing that though he may have many peculiar and disturbing suggestions to make, he does do some good and perhaps there may be something after all in what he says. The process is slow but is gradually gaining ground: after all, time, as we know it, does not exist in the African bush.

All Hellas in a Day

by RODNEY GALLOP

THE hills of sea-borne Salamis were a violet-black foil to the smoky vermillion of the western sky when for the last time we boarded a coasting steamer in the harbour of Piraeus. The *Nausica* had seen better days as a pleasure yacht. But now, like a distressed gentlewoman, she had come down in the world. Her foredeck was crowded with sneezing goats, bound for the pastures of Elis and Daulis, which strayed ever and anon into the state-room, driving us out onto the deck. In the east a newly risen full moon was heaving slowly up the horizon. Its path smote the waters like the flat of a silver sword.

We remained on deck until the Corinth Canal was reached. Now the moon was high in the heavens, and as we silently entered that narrow waterway it transmuted the golden-brown walls of cliff towering above the oily black channel. By daylight these might appear no more than the vertical sides of a deep trench gouged out of the tough flesh of the isthmus. Tonight they slipped past like walls of smooth cyclopean masonry, ushering the awed pilgrim into some colossal temple of the mysteries. "To cut the isthmus", said Herodes Atticus, "is an immortal action which one would not credit to human nature: for to break the isthmus seems to require the god of the sea rather than a man." Nero, a man who thought himself a god, dug the first sod of the canal with a golden axe. And a bas-relief in the rock at the western end marks the grave of his ambition and the limit of his attainment.

When we awoke the moon had set, but the sun had not yet risen. The ship was turning out of the Gulf of Corinth into the narrower Gulf of Itea. The sky of translucent saffron was cut off sharply by hills that stood up like a jagged sheet of greenish-black metal. Tints of black and green and yellow mingled and dissolved on the surface of the water in a thousand kaleidoscopic reflections. There were mountains ahead. Parnassus was hidden from us, but the loftier summit of Mount Chiona was plainly visible. A few moments later its limestone whiteness was tinged with evanescent rose like sunlight strained through stained glass on to the bare stone of a cathedral wall. In the distance a long row of low houses at the waterside marked Itea.

A motor swept us rapidly upwards to Delphi. For a little way the

road lay through the sacred olive grove of Chrysa. Then in a few swift, sweeping curves, we were lifted above the sea of olives which surged away to where Amphissa rears its Frankish castle above the silvery waves. Higher and higher the road bore us. At one corner we met a file of camels piled high with merchandise, sole descendants of that hardy strain which Ibrahim Pasha brought to the wars more than a century ago.

At Delphi we paused at the Hotel Parnassus to breakfast off *avgamata*, 'eggs with eyes' or, in simpler parlance, fried. Our plans were quickly laid. It was now half-past eight. Two mules could be foddered and saddled by ten, and by midday the muleteers could be at Arachova, six or eight miles further on, where the good road ended. This would leave time to renew acquaintance with the classical antiquities of Delphi, and continuing by car, to stroll about Arachova with a little time to spare.

Thus we came once again to behold the ruined sanctuary of Apollo, divined by the Frenchman Jacop Spon beneath the Christian churches of the Romaic Kastri in the 17th century, unburied and revealed by his compatriots two hundred years later. It had been springtime when last we were here, and there had been green corn waving in the fields, purple campanula among the dislocated seats of the stadium, great emerald lizards sunning themselves and a scarlet blare of poppies. Now it was early autumn, and Delphi appeared graver and more mature. We felt as though in the intervening months we also had ripened in experience and had grown more worthy to drink at the Castalian Spring, to wander among the ruined shrines at the foot of the Shining Cliffs and to gaze into the compelling eyes of the brazen Charioteer.

There seemed, moreover, to be an added austerity in the scene. Far away beyond the olive groves, the Gulf was brittle cobalt enamel that had hardened within the dusty golden cloisonné of the shore. The mountain slopes which once were vivid with the young green were now a sere ashen-grey paling in the distance into smoke-blue, save where the newly shaven cornfields added an ochreous tone to the neutral palette.

In half an hour the car climbed the twelve hundred feet which lift Arachova above Delphi. The town sprawls lazily athwart a sloping ridge of Parnassus, and its two sharply projecting promontories are like the upturned toes of some bucolic sleeper. The spirit of the place is

more Balkan than Hellenic. Turning its back upon the lordly dwellers on Parnassus it prides itself rather on the beauty of its women, the vigour of its mountain shepherds, the pyramid which Karaïskakis the Klepht built here of Turkish heads and the black and white woollen rugs for which the town is famed throughout Greece.

We saw no sign of the beautiful women, but only those old ones who had doubtless been beautiful once, and who were now busy with spinning and the many other operations involved in the preparation of wool. Everywhere among the irregular stone-built houses washed in blue and white we met with fine and sturdy old men, in shepherd's smock and black pill-box cap. There seemed to be no young people in Arachova.

Eighteen months before we had turned back here, and had driven by car over the magnificent mountain road from Itea to Bralo, built by the Allies during the last war, to the station of Delphi, surely the only station in the world which is removed a full forty miles from the place whence it takes its name. This time we intended to ride by way of Hosios Loukas to Livadia where we would take train to Athens.

The muleteers, on whom we had not yet set eyes, proved to be very different from what we had expected. One of them was a typical 'Hallo-Boy', that is to say a returned emigrant from America. He had been for ten years in the States, and his flow of English was to be neither checked nor comprehended. He begged to be called Jimmy. His companion was a woman, lean, brown, sere as an autumn leaf, and as tireless. Her name was Panagiota.

The five-hours' ride to the monastery of St Luke of Styris in Phocis was tiring by reason of its monotony, although our limbs surrendered themselves without discomfort to the jolting gait and the rug-covered wooden saddles. Dropping all the way from Arachova, in two hours we had turned our backs on the towering cliffs of Parnassus, and the Schiste, the 'divided road' where Oedipus met his father Laius, and, because their chariots could not pass, slew him. A grim and lonely place is this parting of the ways, with a white stone commemorating not the murdered father, but some later traveller done to death by brigands.

Crossing the plateau of Distomo, with the bleak slopes of Mt Kirphis to the west of us, it seemed as though all the colour and moisture had gone out of the world. The blazing sun had drawn it up, parching

and bleaching the countryside. The only river had taken refuge underground, disappearing into an unplumbed *katabothra* (pot-hole). Only the distant silhouette of Helicon held out a promise of life.

We arrived at the Monastery at sundown, and rode under a low arch into the courtyard which encloses the church. The monks received us kindly and led us up to the Abbot, with whom we dined in a small, whitewashed room. A little aloof at first, the Abbot warmed up over the resinated wine. He handed us tit-bits of chicken from his own plate, and together we all drank *sten hygeian tou Monasteriou* (to the health of the Monastery).

The guest-room was cool and spacious. Against each wall was a divan covered with brightly coloured peasant rugs. The moonlight flooded into the room through a balconied window which revealed the splendid solitude of the site. Even the village of Styris, from which the monastery took not only its name but the very stones of which it was built, lay out of sight an hour's walk away, not far from the track by which we had come.

The founder of the monastery was not St Luke the Evangelist, but a later and lesser Luke who was not even a full-fledged *Hagios* but only a minor *Hosios*. Born in 880, he became a hermit at the age of eighteen. Driven by the Bulgars to Patras, he spent ten years in the service of a stylite, "fishing, fetching wood and dressing victuals; preventing him from starving and enabling him to preserve his footing on his pedestal". After various adventures he retired to this solitude, and building himself a cell, was, in the words of Richard Chandler, "admired for his austerities and revered for the sanctity of his deportment". Seven years later he died, having previously directed one Gregory, his disciple, to bury him in a spot which he proclaimed would be sanctified by God. Two years later a fragrant oil was seen to be flowing from the coffin, and his relics preciousy gathered together proved to be possessed of miraculous powers of healing, thereby leading Monsieur Spon to remark that "Saints must needs cure where Doctors are so bad".

The Saint could have chosen no lonelier, nor lovelier, spot. The monastery stands embowered in orchards near the top of a low hill looking across to a steep fir-clad spur of Mt Helicon. The valley is without issue, except to the right where a narrow ravine leads down to the glistening waters of the Gulf of Corinth. There is not a single house in sight.

We spent a restless night, tormented by a variety of insects, the enumeration of which can best be left to the advertisers of insecticides. The night was an alternation of storm and flooding moonlight. The morning dawned through a chill drizzle, and an opaque mist clothed the range which we were to cross that day. We rose cheerlessly, dressed and went down into the courtyard. The shaggy monks who had been droning their morning service offered us uncooked maize in their bare palms. The maize may have had some religious meaning, but we took it thinking only that it would form a more substantial foundation to the day's march than the usual Greek breakfast of black coffee and jam. So, like poultry, we gobbled it up.

The church is built of weathered red brick, arranged in the Byzantine manner, in decorative patterned courses. Inside, a scaffolding erected for the restoration of the mosaics all but concealed them, but through it the Pantokrator (the Almighty) looked down upon us with a baleful glare, and the five Archangels stared us out of countenance. These mosaics are some of the finest surviving examples of that eternally misunderstood Byzantine art, as essentially subjective and interpretational as Hellenic art is objective and naturalistic. Chandler described the whole church as "a barbarous edifice, and of ordinary appearance", but what else could be expected of a man who dismissed all Byzantine frescoes as "extravagant, ridiculous and absurd beyond imagination"? But then he wrote in 1825, when men's minds were fired with the one idea of re-creating Ancient Greece. Spon, a hundred and fifty years earlier, was more discriminating, although in his day he could only descry *les lambris d'une mosaïque ancienne*. He called Hosios Loukas the finest monastery in all Greece.

The rain stopped and the mists began to rise. As we clambered down into the deserted valley and up a rocky path, half track, half stream, the sun dispersed our miasmic forebodings. Soon we were winding up the muse-haunted slopes of Helicon, where yellow autumn crocuses shone like glow-worms among the dusky fir-trees. Soon we were on a high woody ridge, scarcely lower than the summit, and Jimmy, his spirits rising, hailed the grey-smocked, black-capped shepherds with a jaunty *Giasou, 're koumbare*. Soon, all too soon, we had lowered ourselves down a very ladder of a path on to a barren plateau at the far edge of which we almost stumbled over the first hidden houses of Livadia.

It was now two o'clock, and we lunched hungrily. Then it was time to bid farewell to the doughty Panagiota and the garrulous Jimmy, who were anxious to start on their return journey.

"Are you not tired?" we asked Panagiota. She made a little gesture which might have meant anything.

"Yes," Jimmy hastened to explain: "the woman is tired. And so am I."

"But," he hastened proudly to add, "I do not say so."

At Livadia was that oracle of Trophonius of which Pausanias left an account which is fascinating both for all that it says and for all that it leaves to the imagination. Beyond the busy water-mills, at the spot where the Herkyna issues from the vast rock on which the Catalans built their citadel, we found a maze of caves and niches which may well mark the springs of Lethe and Mnemosyne. But it is Lethe which has triumphed, for the exact site has long since faded from mortal memory.

At four o'clock we caught a train which brought us back to Athens forty-eight hours after we had left it. We had 'hustled' perhaps. But it is the hustling of the mind, not of the body, which destroys the soul. With all that we had seen we had not surfeited ourselves. The journey had been an epitome of Greek civilization; the ancient, the medieval and the modern; the Hellenic, the Byzantine and the Romaic. All Hellas in a day.



Life on the Hut'ungs of Peking

by HELEN HAYES

Peking, or Peiping, has probably been more often and more magnificently described than any other city in the world; but its homelier side, and the byways in which humble people have lived for centuries, have not been greatly chronicled. On that aspect of Peking life, and on the New Year celebrations of 1936, Miss Hayes concentrates here. The term Hut'ung, of Mongolian origin, has been used in North China since the 14th century to denote alleys and side-streets

THOUGH the Government has moved away and set up its capital elsewhere, Peking is still an intellectual centre in China. The National Library, a beautiful building combining Chinese and foreign architecture, still offers Chinese and foreign learning beneath its sweeping green-tile roofs. Red was the colour of the Mings who first made Peking glorious, though it had known fame long before they came. Yellow was the Manchu colour; blue is the Republican. Now in Peking, green rules the present. So the old order changes, but Peking goes on its way. More than any city in the world it gives the passer-by and the resident a sense of continuity. It has achieved through the centuries the resignation of wisdom, accepts change gracefully as a natural law and adjusts itself and its ways in spite of alarms and excursions which might well be the death of another city.

Viewed from a height in summer Peking seems a vast garden. The great golden-tiled roofs of the Forbidden City of the Manchus alone stand out above the foliage. The grey-tiled homes of the people sink beneath the shade of willow and acacia. But in winter, when the trees are lost, Peking is a slumberous sea of myriad grey-tile waves. Every group, little or large, is separated from the next by great walls—symbols of China's past, miniatures of the Great Wall which for centuries shut out the barbarians from the lands of the sons of Han as they shut out those who do not belong to the family.

My own house, set in a maze of crooked ill-lighted *hut'ungs*, as lanes are called locally, is walled off from its neighbours

as a matter of course, and not in a precise and regular manner; quite the opposite. It has no north-west corner, retreating from a narrow back alley in a self-effacing curve. The north-east corner has been neatly bitten off to form a minute courtyard with two small pavilions, the home of a Manchu ricksha coolie who was once a palace servant. On the south a sudden wall shuts off my rockery from my next-door-neighbour's house: once, according to tradition, the concubine's quarters of my establishment.

The house itself is built of separate low pavilions in quaint order. The main three are grouped about a large central courtyard which is shut off from the servants' quarters by a high wall with a romantic moon gate. The house has that precious quality known as 'atmosphere', in other words a marked personality. For nine months of the year from early March to December it is charming, and from December to early March distinctly unsociable. Much of its charm in warm weather can be ascribed to the two great acacias which grow against the wall by the moon gate and shade the main courtyard; and much of its bleakness in winter can be ascribed to them also. They moan miserably when the slightest wind shakes them. In summer two giant grape vines form a leafy arbour heavy with great bunches of fruit. In winter they are known as Uncle Henry and Great Aunt Emily (she is much more fruitful than her nephew), for they are taken down, rolled up and buried like near and dear relations beneath venerable mounds on either side of my front door.



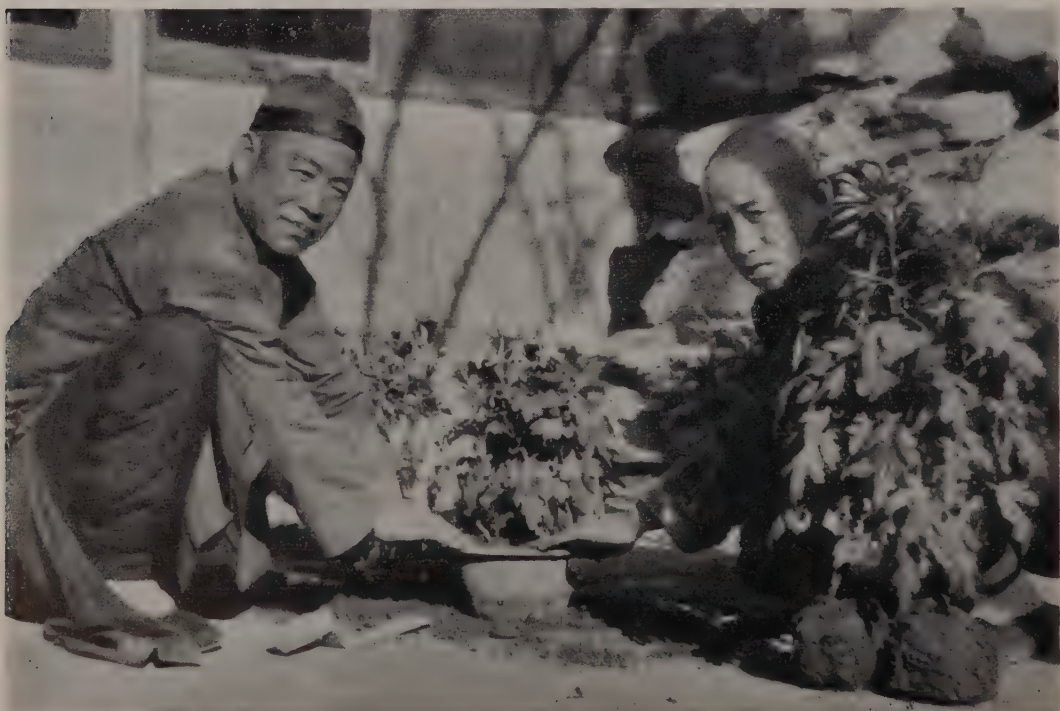
George D. Aked

Viewed from a height in summertime, Peking looks like a vast garden



Helen M. Hayes

November in the author's garden: much of its charm in warm weather is due to the two great acacias that grow against the wall and shade the main courtyard



Helen M. Hayes

Number One Boy, always an important person, and the ricksha coolie, formerly a palace servant

Cousin Cuthbert (a third grape vine, in another courtyard) in warm weather climbs adventurously along the supports of my western neighbour's radio aerials. This neighbour is a wealthy man given to mah-jong parties. Often late at night across the courtyard I can hear the laughter of his guests and the click-click-click of ivory tiles. On the further side of my ex-quarters for a concubine dwells a Chinese with a Russian wife and their two handsome children. They live their life behind tightly-closed doors and their only contribution to the interest of the community is a noisy old car which roars honking to and from the house four times a day. I don't like it, and my other neighbours don't. They are old-fashioned and prefer more dignified modes of conveyance as more in keeping with the ancient literary reputation of our locality.

For just a stone's-throw to the west are the old Examination Grounds whither candidates for the highest literary degrees—open sesames into officialdom—came from all over the great Chinese Empire. Now they are just a vast treeless waste of rough ground where children flock in spring to fly kites and only a football field, a coal yard, and two or three forlorn houses rise out of it like oases from a desert.

My friends will call it 'The Dump', and it has for the past twenty years received a good deal of castaway rubble and supported a number of rubbish pickers and black pigs. But to me it is still the old examination grounds, covered with hundreds of grey cells wherein the aspirants for the Han-Lin degree were shut and sealed while they wrote their essays. Now not a trace of the gates, halls, cells and walls remain, only legends of strange dramas enacted there; of scholars who bartered gifted essays for a pipe of opium; of dead men whose bodies were carried out through a hole in the wall since the gates might not be opened until the examinations ended; of crafty and brilliant scholars who became viceroys. Many of my older

neighbours remember how less than three decades ago such things were. Education was for the privileged few. Now their sons and daughters in khaki drill uniforms and scout hats take short cuts across the old grounds of learning to modern schools.

These elders can conjure up stranger ghosts whom their fathers' fathers knew in life: the Jesuits working at their observations on the flat roof of the old Observatory not two hundred yards distant. How the ghosts of the Jesuits must have mourned when their instruments were taken to Germany after the Boxer Rising! After the war the instruments were returned, so doubtless the Fathers are at peace once more.



J. Hope Johnson

Among older neighbours on the Hut'ungs are many with old-fashioned ways—note this street musician's finger-nails—and long memories



Hedda Hammer

On the roof of the Observatory where once the Almanac of the Moon Year was prepared

It was here that the old Almanac of the Moon Year was prepared. Remarkably accurate it was in describing the cycles of heat and cold and wind and rain and drought. Not only so but it forecasted the lucky days for beginning new enterprises, burying the dead, and marrying. No smallest detail of life escaped its notice: the best days to shave and bathe, buy and sell, reap and sow, and change from thin coats to thick coats were all duly noted.

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The old Almanac is officially taboo now, and the national calendar is the same as ours, but somehow, surreptitiously, the old one is still prepared, and in their private lives the people follow it much as their ancestors did.

This year (I write of 1936) Chinese New Year fell on the 24th of January—a considerate date for the foreign community—well after Christmas. Chinese New Year for the foreigner means presents to all the



Helen M. Hayes

When New Year's day dawned, it revealed the garden under a white mantle of healing snow

servants from the Head Boy, or Number One, to the coal coolie, from the cook to the garbage man, and presents to the servants of friends as well!

For two weeks beforehand a dull boom, boom, boom, blustering bangs, excited pops, series of sharp staccato noises heralded its approach. Fire-crackers driving evil spirits away! On the last night of the year they reached their zenith. There wasn't a quiet cubic foot of air over Peking. In spite of the difficult political atmosphere Peking crossed the New Year in peace. The omens were good. When morning dawned we waked to a white world of snow, healing snow that lays sickness and promises a good harvest. Everyone was content.

The main streets are still gay and bright with colour. The special New Year booths crowd each other. Some carry gaudy boxes of fire-crackers, others cakes,

others lanterns made like frogs and fat bulgy-eyed goldfishes. like miniature theatres with gay moving figures, and little white curly lambs with nodding heads. Then there are the kite stalls—kites of every size and device—dragons, good-luck and long-life characters, eagles, bats, butterflies, crabs, terrifying warriors: all ready to float on their light frames high into the sparkling winter air.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the New Year sights are the flower shops. Shells of cornstalks covered with paper and roofed with more stalks plastered with mud, within they are miracles of blossom. They solve many a 'What shall we send them?' problem for the Chinese. A pair of living plants is an ideal gift conveying good wishes for prosperity and joy. And who could wish for a more attractive gift than a pair of fat pink peonies in pots; or azaleas, magenta or softest pink, flowering



Hedda Hammer

Kite stalls stand out among special New Year booths in the streets of Peking: symbolical meaning attaches to the character of fish, bird and beast

cherry or plum trees; lemon trees laden with golden fruit; orange blossom, Chinese jasmine, white wistaria male and female; heavenly bamboo shining with glossy red berries; two pots of iris, or Buddha's fingers, camelias and a myriad other flowers? Cut flowers, however, are to be avoided. They are unlucky and at the beginning of the year good luck is of all blessings most to be desired.

Before darkness on the last night of the year, my neighbours plastered their homes and possessions from the front gate to the k'ang, or brick bed, from the wall across the street to the mudguard on the ricksha,

with lucky red posters blazoned in bold characters of black or gold. The more old-fashioned pasted portraits of two fierce warriors on their gates. These are the gate gods who, facing in opposite directions, guard against evil approaching either way. They are much loved and trusted and very decorative.

Two hours before midnight the sky is starry with flaring rockets. The electric current is strained to the limit. Every light in every Peking home is burning. In the guest halls the fat carved red candles on the altars of the gods and ancestors are lit, as well as globular horn lanterns and elaborate glass shades on tall carved hardwood stands. The offerings of food and fruit are piled high on the altars, and in the kitchens the delicacies for the Feast of Reunion (the feast of the reunited family, the living and the dead) are ready. Everyone in the best robes and coats that can be afforded, the gayest, the newest, waits for midnight when the year is born anew. Happy are those who have paid all their debts! They may begin the year unashamed and with the respect of their neighbours. And very uncomfortable is he whose creditors still pursue him with a lighted lantern when the First Day has dawned.

By mid-morning all the popping and sputtering of fire-crackers has ceased. A happy weary Peking sleeps. For the next three days everybody is as idle and gay as their means allow. Nothing is done that can be avoided. The shops are tightly shuttered while their proprietors and such apprentices as have not been able to go home for the holiday gamble and eat and sleep. Three whole lovely, lazy days the hard-working people rest. Then life resumes its course, yet more gaily than at any other season. The temple fairs are noisy with throngs come to pay respect and buy luck from the gods and priests. Story-tellers are much in demand. The theatres are packed. The man with the ram and the monkey performs in the

streets. One street entertainer had a fine stroke of luck. His star performer, a lady white mouse, gave birth to ten babies and he was able to exhibit the family all wrapped in cotton wool for an extra copper.

As a foreigner I am of course outside the New Year pale. I am just like the little match girl. I can only watch from afar. I see the gay streets, catch glimpses of courtyards strewn with dry sesamum stalks to scare away demons of ill luck, and smell the New Year cooking. One knows the modern Chinese—those who are interested in art and education and in politics—but they too are gathered back to the past at this season, unless, of course, they are Christians. "The Church has taken the New Year from us," said my old amah sadly the day before New Year when she asked for a day's leave, "but of course we may still have a feast." And then she smiled.

A feast! Everything seems to centre about a feast. For instance, down the street lives the senior servant in Uncle Sam's Embassy—the Number One Boy. He is a most important person, respected and envied by ninety-nine per cent of the other Number Ones in Peking. His courtyards are wide, but not unbecomingly spacious. His gates are well lacquered a beautiful red of just the correct shade. He has a radio, and a fine Alsatian dog. When his mother celebrated her 70th birthday all the Number Ones and cooks who count in the social hierarchy of Number Ones and cooks, and all those indebted to him for favours, came to congratulate. When the old woman died they came again and buried her with glory; with embroidered banners and drumming and the sobbing of long gilded trumpets.

The backbone of both occasions was food, seemingly in endless quantities. Grief is just as good an excuse as joy for eating in China.

The two houses next to his also cele-



Hedda Hammer

An exhibitor of performing white mice whose leading lady celebrated the New Year by giving birth to ten babies

brated a feast when the son of one married the daughter of the other. This was a love-match, still rare in China, though doubtless the dowry and other advantages were not overlooked by the parents. The young husband had known his bride from the day she entered the world, a tiny wailing red bundle. Together they learned to talk and walk and play in the dusty little crooked street. As they grew older they knew they only wanted each other, and at last their wedding day came. The bride, unlike the usual bride who comes from a distance—a stranger to a strange family—had only to take ten steps from

her home gate to her husband's. But that all might be done properly and with ceremony and honour, the red chair, a virgin's prerogative, waited with banners and bearers, drums and trumpets to carry her over the threshold of her new home. It was an exciting five minutes, and the street was crowded to watch the beginning and end of that short journey.

Gifts of course are given at both weddings and burials, and preferably in cash. For a funeral when sufficient is not forthcoming to pay the expenses, a member of the family accompanied by a respected friend or relative may go the round of the neighbourhood asking for contributions. One day I was informed that a very old man, and therefore of high social standing in our hut'ung, wished to see me. He had a tiny girl with him—her mother had died in giving birth to another child, and the family had not enough money to buy a coffin. They were a pathetic pair, the old man bent, brown and dry like a gnome, and the child with its pinched, sallow face above the mourning coat of coarse white hempen stuff. I doubt if any had the heart to refuse them help. On another occasion a grandmother was to be buried and her two sons, ricksha coolies, lacked four Mexican dollars—less than six shillings—to make up the necessary sum before the funeral shop could be approached.

To pay the hire of a ricksha and feed himself a ricksha coolie must earn at least thirty cents a day before he has much over to help his family. Clothes become ragged very soon, and cloth-soled shoes, the greatest expense of these men, keep his mother and female relations hard at work. Few of them can afford the luxury of a wife. Yet many of them have known better times, such as the Manchu rickshaman who lives in the pavilions at the north-east corner of my estate. Once he was a bannerman living on an allowance from the Emperor. Over six feet tall, and extremely dignified, he gives a courtly air

to any gathering on the street. He makes me feel like a princess when he clears it of traffic, barrows, pedlars and donkey carts, to allow my ricksha free passage.

He is a good son, too, caring for his aged mother and wife and two sisters. They were very anxious during the Japanese advance on Jehol when he was commandeered among a large number of coolies to carry provisions to the troops. It was bitter cold weather, and Jehol lay deep in snow. For the Peking ricksha coolie, used to the comparatively good city streets, the rough waggon-rutted road was a terrible ordeal. Not a few died of cold and exhaustion. Five days passed, a week, no news reached the family. Another anxious day, and another. Then they gave him up for lost. Almost at midnight on the tenth night of his absence I heard a great deal of talking and happy cries from the little house. The wanderer had returned.

In late May of the same year he judged it expedient to marry off one sister, no particular beauty but a good solid character. Peking was still in the throes of war, when it is wise to empty the homes of marriageable daughters. Thousands of Southern troops sent to support the northern in their stand against the Japanese were retreating on the city. Thousands of refugees from the country villages, on foot, in carts, on donkeys and mules, sought shelter within the walls. Wedding and funeral processions crowded the streets. It was a time to settle things which were urgent for no one could foretell the future. The Southern troops might arrive at any time and the air buzzed with rumours of looting to come; for once Peking was really agitated.

And in the midst of this confusion my Manchu neighbour had a straw matting shelter, called a *p'eng*, put up over his tiny courtyard, hired tables and chairs and cooks, drummers and trumpeters, and made preparations for a feast. The bridegroom sent the bride's red chair. All the



George D. Aked

In May 1936 funeral and wedding processions crowded the streets of Peking: the uncertainty of the future made everyone anxious to settle family affairs! A funeral procession in which boys dressed in white, carrying coloured cylindrical banners, march in the van

J. Hope Johnson



Before a funeral, arrangements are made in the courtyard of a house for the reception of guests. Here a guest is seen arriving at a funeral ceremony. A member of the family comes forward and bows to him



J. Hope Johnson

Wedding procession with banners and bearers, drums, trumpets and umbrellas, setting out for the bride's house. She will be waiting for them, in gay clothes



J. Hope Johnson

The red chair in which a woman may only ride once in her life: to her first wedding. It is carried into the courtyard of her house and, after many ceremonial acts she is assisted into it by two matrons and carried off to the home of her bridegroom

*George D. Aked*

Peking geese, emblems of fidelity: at a wedding the bride's own pair of live geese should be present. When, however, a family neglects to raise the geese a pair of birds may be hired for the occasion

sunny morning my neighbours feasted, and the hired bridal geese, symbols of conjugal fidelity, gabbled and screamed with agitation. The bride was to leave her brother's house at four o'clock, a lucky hour for her according to the fortune-teller. But, shortly before twelve noon, word came that the Southern troops had arrived, several thousand were to be quartered on our street. My flag of course was flying, but I doubted if its protection would extend to my neighbours. I despatched a message. Would it not be wise for the bride to start? Yes, certainly. So she started, and fifteen minutes later the troops arrived.

Within an hour the street was transformed. Soldiers were quartered on every house, mine excepted thanks to extra-territoriality. Before each gate stood two tin-helmeted sentries armed to the teeth, a pair of bombs apiece slung

jauntily over their shoulders. The corners of the hut'ung were sandbagged. A fish-net of telephone wires appeared overhead. When five thousand more troops appeared as dusk fell I decided it might be more comfortable to sleep a little closer to the legations, and leave my flag to do its duty unhampered by my presence.

But in a day or two it was evident there was no cause for alarm. Not one of the bombs had exploded, accidentally or otherwise. The Southern troops were under perfect control. They even paid for what they wanted. The officers saw to that. Before my door one soldier was gaily helping himself to a pedlar's wares, taking what he wanted and giving little presents to the children round about. An officer quartered in my ex-concubine's quarters stopped him.

"Have you paid for these things?" he asked curtly.



Through all the ups and downs which the 1930's bring to China, pedlars of Peking continue to cry their curious trifles in the streets. This man does a good trade in little monkey-figures which he makes himself and displays for the young

Hedda Hammer

Hedda Hammer



The travelling barber, too, has a trade that keeps him busy shaving customers in the street. His equipment includes two red lacquer stools, a brass bowl for warm water, a few brushes and a razor. The public gaze troubles him not at all

"No, sir," the man answered promptly, brought smartly to attention.

"Well, pay at once. If you're caught stealing again you'll be shot!"

That was that.

But even when the troops had departed all our worries were not ended. Day after day Japanese planes reconnoitring troop movements still flew over the city which had until then rarely seen a plane. The smaller people were terrified. Just to the north of our section, so rumour said, a family of seven headed by the grandfather had hanged themselves on a great tree in their courtyard—a grisly family tree, if ever there was one. There were other tragedies, and some comedies also, but that danger passed and Peking drew breath again.

In the streets the pedlars of a thousand curious trifles cry their thousand cries. The children play marbles or foot-shuttlecock. The babies in their bright-flowered jackets and miniature trousers accommodately slit up the back, gaze on the passing world with wondering eyes, or waddle adventurously into the middle of the hut'ung to the terror of bicyclists and barrow men. The travelling barber shaves a customer on the street—two red lacquer stools, a brass bowl for warm water, a few soft brushes and a razor—it seems quite simple, and the barber proceeds quite unembarrassed by who or what passes along. The turnip-seller cries his brilliant red and green wares: "Sweet turnips, sweet turnips! If you find *my* turnips sour, I'll take them back!"

As spring approaches my neighbours' tempers are apt to become short. The last few weeks of cold are wearing on the most angelic disposition, and the high winds, often yellow with Gobi dust, are wearing on the nerves. The main point about a quarrel is, of course, that as many people as possible should know that you are either in the right or have been injured. The best way to advertise your wounded feelings is to revile the street, to scream your

wrongs at the top of your voice, to say exactly what you think of your enemy, and by publicity make him 'lose face' before his neighbours. Such a good row must end, as all things in China, in a feast with self-appointed or official peacemakers, incense and candles for the gods.

One night in March, across the back alley a female quarrel broke out with volcanic suddenness and power. It seemed to me as if half a hundred Chinese women had been catapulted into the little narrow alley. It was filled with shrieks and wails, howls and hoots and sobs and more screams. Murder, thought I, is being done. Excited footsteps padded hurriedly to the scene. Well, the neighbours are arriving. More screams, a high, piercing, long-drawn-out shriek. "Someone has been cut with a knife," I muttered getting out of bed and thinking of first aid. Swift silence followed unbroken by any sound. Exactly what happened I have not been able to learn; my boy would only say, "Too many women, that house, missie."

There is always a good story loose somewhere about the hut'ungs, a tragedy or a farce. I call to mind so many. It is hard to choose between them. There is one like a legend, though it happened less than a year ago, of a little girl married to a magnolia tree in the garden of her grandparents, so that she might live with them always and still enjoy the privileges of a married woman. Then there was the resourceful young man, who, being hard pressed to pay his gambling debts while his father was away, sold his stepmother for two hundred dollars. Rumour says that father was 'As mad as a snake' when he came home. Every season brings its excitement, and rumours are always rife, especially on the hut'ungs. But after hearing twenty or thirty, one has at last that pleasurable sensation of being in the midst of most interesting happenings while everything remains just about as comfortable as it always has been.

A Balkan Sequence

II. Better than Venice

by JOHN LEHMANN

A SHRILL, excited Russian voice greeted us out of the darkness, as we bumped into the quayside of Valcov, and my bags were grabbed from the boat by invisible hands. I climbed out, and discovered that the voice—and the hands—belonged to a small boy, not so much bigger himself than the bags which he was clutching in a determined, possessive grip. There was no chance for me to argue or question. He gave me a quick, urchin grin, and jerked his head towards the new tourist inn, in appearance rather like a Tirolese *gasthaus*, whose lighted windows gleamed a hundred yards away behind the trees; then off he staggered, firing at me a volley of searching personal inquiries mixed with enthusiastic praises of Valcov. I followed dutifully behind, only half understanding the hail of dialect.

When we reached the inn, I found several other tourists in the hall, who had just come off the evening steamer we had seen from the river. Chattering eagerly round them, caps in hand, were clustered about half a dozen small boys like the one who had taken charge of me. In training vests and grubby trousers, with tousled hair and grins to split their cheeks, they presented a surprising spectacle in the rather elegant, spick-and-span modernity of the hall. The other tourists looked almost as bewildered at this invasion as I did. The proprietor's young wife laughingly explained that the boys were guides, officially appointed by the Municipality, and wouldn't I like to engage Vanka—who was now sitting on my bags at the bottom of the stairs—to show me round the next day? Vanka had kept his eyes electrically fixed on me, and when I turned round pointed his finger at his chest meaningly. There was nothing for it but to agree. Vanka triumphantly hauled the bags upstairs to my room.

I had hardly begun to unpack, when he reappeared, marching in without ceremony in the company of a stalwart youth whom he introduced as Volodya, his special 'buddy' and a peerless boatman. Volodya would take me through all the canals tomorrow morning, he was the best gondolier in Valcov, yes? That was fixed then. What time would

I start? 5 A.M.? My bones still aching from the buggy ride, I refused flatly to be ready before 8.30. Volodya shook his head severely; but thinking suddenly of competitors lurking for me down below, had a hurried conversation with Vanka and gave in.

None too soon; other Vankas and Volodyas were now padding to and fro outside the half-open door, watching greedily; and when I emerged again to go down, I found one of them squatting outside the door of a newly arrived Swedish journalist, his eye closely pressed to the keyhole. The Swede had rashly refused to settle about the all-important gondola trip; he had now had to lock himself in. The proprietor's wife, a dark Rumanian with Bucharest's *chic* very evident in her dress and appearance, shrugged her shoulders at dinner, and laughed again. What could she do? The people of Valcov were like that, these Russians were simple and entirely without class feeling, and she would only offend them if she tried to keep them out of the inn. In fact, the troop of guides were at all times, if not actually inside the hotel, at least within immediate call, as I was to learn the next day. I had settled in the writing room to send off some cards to friends in England. Vanka, shadowing me, observed the intriguing activity, and rushed at once to find his friends. Within a few minutes they were all round me, neither shy nor daunted by my absorption, picking up the completed cards and passing them from hand to hand, scrutinizing the writing, commenting on the addresses, eagerly waiting for me to finish another. Even the chambermaid came up; I learnt afterwards she was illiterate, but that did not prevent her from watching the foreigner perform with the pen in tense curiosity.

Next morning, when I came down to breakfast, Vanka, already prowling in the hall, greeted me effusively with a side glance at the clock. I knew what the glance meant; it was already 8.35, and the best gondolier in Valcov was no doubt waiting impatiently down by the river. With the stubbornness of the hardened Anglo-Saxon tourist, I refused to be rushed over my coffee and rolls, and it was almost 9.15 when we reached the landing-stage. The best gondolier was indeed in despair. He scratched his head and looked at me with melancholy reproach. I only discovered later that he had planned a kind of water pub-crawl, in which I was to set the day's business going at one little inn after another; my sluggishness had forced him drastically to curtail the programme.

The sun was growing rapidly hotter in a clean-swept blue sky as we slipped into the maze of tiny winding canals about which Valcov is built. These canals give it an extraordinary detachment and fascination of its own; the atmosphere is quite unlike any of the grander places built on water, Ghent or Bruges or Venice, and no comparison with them can illustrate the arcadian freshness Valcov derives from the web of willow-shaded streamlets. Volodya had strong opinions about this. "Have you ever been to Venice?" he asked me sharply, as we dodged a boat coming the other way.

"Yes," I said cautiously, "several times."

"And did you like it?"

"Yes, I loved it."

"Well, this is much better than Venice."

"It is very nice," I admitted vaguely, nervous of offending local patriotism. "You see," he explained with triumphant satisfaction, "in Venice the water stays still. But here it *runs*."

Vanka looked at me delightedly, as if waiting for me to exclaim how wise and witty his Volodya was. We glided on, sometimes only just not scraping the muddy bottom, between the lush grassy banks and under innumerable slender bridges made of planks. The willows arched us over in a trembling network of green, now and then the trailing branches brushed my ears; that rustling sound, or the gurgle of Volodya's paddle, would startle birds from their hiding-places, and away they flew upstream and out of sight. Over the palisades I could catch a glimpse of luxuriant little gardens round the mud-built cottages, sunflowers and roses climbing taller than the doll's-house windows; and in a sudden clearing the white tower and copper-green bulb of one of Valcov's many churches. And now diminutive children began to run along the banks beside us. They clasped nosebags of wild flowers in chubby fists and when they drew level would try to aim them at our feet. This was evidently an established custom, and a few *lei* were expected to be thrown back; Volodya cautioned me sternly against extravagance. Once we had passed, the unlucky ones, casting business thoughts to the winds, pulled off their tattered smocks and, as naturally as frogs, plunged naked and squealing into the water. We stopped twice to take a drink in a waterside inn, Vanka not being allowed anything more intoxicating than *kvas* by the watchful Volodya. In one of the inns the village photographer was at work. The youthful

guests, in their Sunday best, were posing for his enormous antiquated machine in proud, stiff groups, elbows out and smiles contracting into strained solemnity. I excused myself on the plea of having a Leica with me, and we returned, rather guiltily, to the gondola.

The sun burnt more fiercely through the frail shield of the willow leaves as we paddled on, and once or twice I noticed Vanka looking rather longingly at the water. And then gradually we began to leave the village behind, and with many twists and turns were approaching the wide, eddying expanse of the Danube itself. At this point the temptation of the water grew too much for Vanka, and without warning he threw off his clothes and dived in. He shot ahead of us in the powerful stream, splashing and turning like a porpoise; then struggled into the back currents by the bank, and swung himself into the boat again as we manœuvred near.

Volodya rose, and swept his cap at me dramatically. "That's the end of the trip," he announced. "Now, wouldn't you like to go out to the Black Sea directly after lunch? . . . Or the Monastery of Petro-pavlovsk? . . . Or there's a special island, where . . ." But I shook my head. The heat was already proving too much for me, and I could think of no postprandial activity, nothing but a long siesta sleep in the coolth of my room.

When I awoke, the light was turning golden over the last reaches of the Danube, just visible through the window from where I lay. Among the bushy islands little boats were creeping lazily hither and thither; the sea was indistinguishable, a presence only to be imagined out there where the deep blue of the sky was sucked into the glowing rim of haze beyond the furthest islands. Bells were ringing with a slow beat from one of the white church towers in the depths of the village, and nearer at hand a girl's voice rose and fell in the endless nostalgia of some Russian song. Again I had the feeling of unreality that had come to me when I first saw Sulina from the steamer's deck. I could fancy that all the islands, the village itself, would suddenly dissolve into the air and water that surrounded them:

And like this insubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a rack behind. . . .

There was a knock at my door, and Vanka reappeared. No doubt he had been watching through the keyhole for the first signs of my

stirring. Did I need him for the next two or three hours? He seemed immensely relieved when I shook my head, and explaining that Volodya was about and would look after me, vanished at top speed down the corridor. He did not guess that ten minutes later I should be able to spy him, from the high vantage-point of my room, crouched under a concealing ledge of the river-bank, in a tense circle of small (but official) guides all engrossed in some mysterious game played with chewed bits of cards.

I wandered out into the village. Sunday afternoon was parade time, the population was abroad and airing itself. I found it difficult to believe I was in Rumania, and in 1939. The atmosphere was exactly that of many Russian villages I had seen in the Rostov region; but without the modern signs of Soviet life. I was reading a volume of Turgenev at the time, and there were moments when it seemed as if there was no break between the scene of the story and the world around me. The beaux of Valcov strolled up and down the narrow main street, cracking and spitting sunflower seeds they bought from the squatting vendors at the corners; broad, lewd grins split the roundness of their Slav faces for the girls who tittered past in twos and threes, their cheeks as bright as apples bursting from the tight shawls that swathed their heads. Old mouzhiks with a childlike look of innocence, snub noses tilted above their ragged, greying beards, leaned in the doorways of the low cottages and observed the brave show of sons and grandsons with an impassive melancholy. Gathered round beer- and vodka-laden tables in the inn gardens, tipsy groups had their arms about each others' shoulders and were pouring out the songs of the Volga and the Don with erratic violence.

As I stood, watching one of these groups in fascination, I felt a tap on my shoulder.

"You can watch them better from inside," said Volodya, laughing at me as I turned.

We settled to a table in a corner, and over the beer plied one another with questions about our respective countries and lives. The inhabitants of Valcov, I gathered from what Volodya told me and from subsequent conversations on the way home, were 'Great Russians' and not Ukrainians like most of the Slav inhabitants of Bessarabia. They had come over to the Danube Mouths in two waves, the first consisting of insurgent peasants exiled after the collapse of their

movement in the 18th century, the second of the famous religious sect of Lipovani, long persecuted in the Tsar's Empire and finally dumped in Valcov and the surrounding country by the exasperated authorities, who could not break the intransigence of their beliefs. This background to their history explained the peculiar compactness and conservatism that I had felt at once about their community; moreover, since the Great War the Russian frontiers had receded to the East, and they found themselves a tiny island in the new and nationally conscious Rumania. Though no Russian was taught in the schools, and all dealings with the authorities had to be carried on in Rumanian, nevertheless, parents taught the children their ancestral tongue and traditions with devotion in the home, and the priests carried on this work in later years. It was interesting to find what a fascination the great Russian world, so short a distance away in space but so far and difficult to reach or know about, held for the little colony. At first Volodya refused to say more than that he was glad to be in Rumania because he could think and say what he liked, while 'over there' they shot you if you aired unpopular opinions too freely. Later, however, he came back to the subject of his own accord, confessed that he had an elder brother who had escaped across the frontier some years ago, and that similar escapes were continually being attempted. He also hinted, in an excess of confidence as our beer-mugs were once more replenished, that the Soviet radio programmes were listened to in secret in many of the village homes.

I was to be reminded of our conversation in an unexpected way that same evening. I found it was impossible to stay to see the famous sturgeon brought in the next day, and the caviare extracted; the operation was in any case—according to all reports—gruesome, and Valcov smelt strongly enough of fish for my nostrils without that. I therefore decided to leave by the boat that started in the early hours of the morning. This meant that it would be pointless to attempt to sleep until I went on board, and to while away the time Volodya agreed to shepherd me on a moonlight walk of exploration round the village. We stopped in several small coffee-houses, peered into a hall where local couples and sailors from the steamer were dancing to a gramophone, and then struck out beyond the cottages to where the canals flowed into the river. It was then that, twice, once by a bridge, once at the Danube's very edge, I all but tripped over the prostrate form

of a sentry. They were lying absolutely still, their dull olive uniforms indistinguishable from the grass and mud, with rifles in their hands pointed down the river. Every canal entrance was so guarded, Volodya assured me. . . . It seemed unlikely that any little boat could slip in or out without being observed and challenged. . . . Odessa was so near.

At last the steamer began to show signs of life, the time had come for me to find my cabin. Volodya accompanied me to the gangway. What was I to give him? Both he and Vanka had received the stipulated sums for their morning's work, and I thought he might be offended if I tried to tip him for all the trouble he had taken since. Finally I asked if I could send him some present. He immediately replied that there was only one thing he wanted, and that was a wrist-watch: it didn't matter how cheap it was, how old, but if it went and if he could fasten it round his wrist, he'd be happy.

A week or two later, back in Bucharest, I packed one carefully into a small parcel, and sent it off. When I got home to England, I found a letter waiting for me:

I have received one o'clock that you have me expedied from Bukarest. Thank you very much for this your jolly gest. Receive a goodbye from your boatman of the river Danube that gently flows to the sea. VOLODYA.



In the Rumanian Oilfields

Notes and Photographs by J. Allan Cash



Rumanian oil has become, since the outbreak of war, one of the most important natural products in Europe. Although production is not now quite as high as it has been, experts declare that Rumanian oil deposits have not yet been fully exploited, and that production could be raised far above the level of nearly eight million tons reached a few years ago. The oil is found in the foothills of the Transylvanian Alps, the southern end of the great Carpathian range of mountains. This is some forty miles north of Bucharest, centring around Ploesti and Campina.

The Rumanian oil industry is almost entirely worked by Anglo-Dutch, American and Franco-Belgian oil companies; but they pay

large sums in royalties to the Rumanian State, which keeps a close check on the development of the industry. It is not a new industry. Eighty years ago peasants dug primitive wells by hand in the oil-bearing strata, and baled the crude oil out in buckets. In those days it was mostly used for greasing the axles of carts and was not of much value. But with the coming of oil engines its potential value suddenly appreciated and the early part of this century saw rapid and full-scale development. Even today, however, it is possible to find a few of the old wells, operated by horse-power and the most primitive of gear.

The picture above shows part of the town of Campina, with the distillery in the centre.



Drilling for oil is heavy work, calling for expert teamwork. British and American engineers direct much of it, recruiting their workers from neighbouring villages. Single men are often accommodated in small barracks near the wells. These men are screwing on a new length of drilling pipe, an operation which has to be repeated frequently as the drill bores deeper

Before adding a length of new pipe, it is necessary to secure the pipe already under ground so that the full weight of it does not bear on the drill. For this purpose large steel blocks are used on the drilling table. Here the men are removing the blocks immediately after a length of pipe has been added





Old wooden oil derricks clustering in the foothills of the Transylvanian Alps north of Bucharest. Two modern steel derricks can be seen in the distance on the right.



(Above) Oil is found in the hills seen in the background. It is piped down to the tanks in the foreground, refined and transported by railway tank-cars to Central Europe (a large part of it to Greater Germany), the Danube ports and Constanta. From the large modern port of Constanta (below) the oil is exported to different parts of the world. Although the industry employs only about 25,000 workers, oil has, in recent years, represented a third of Rumania's total exports and a sixth of her budget receipts



Secrets of the Termitary

The Queen's Chamber

by WOLFGANG von HAGEN

WHAT lies behind that mysterious entity, the termite kingdom? In what manner does each caste perform its own specific tasks for the well-being of the colony? What is the guiding force? The King, the Queen?

It was only a naïve anthropomorphism that first designated these termite-phenomena 'king' and 'queen', for it is only in size that the queen may be said to be regal. In fact they are nothing but reproductives, incarcerated within the termite realm. The king, slightly larger than the workers, is free to wander where he will, but he seldom goes far; he hovers about the shadow of his great spouse, the termite queen—in perpetual awe of this gigantic egg-laying machine. The king, as in Baudelaire's vision of the giantess, lives in the shadow of this formidable *montagne de force et de luxure*. Certain it is that the reproductive, or queen if you will, of certain species of termites outrivals in fecundity any other terrestrial animal. For queens of Africa have been recorded as laying as many as forty thousand eggs a day, and this often continuously for years. Yet we must not deduce that this fecundity gives her the power that one would assume the term 'queen' to imply.

Let us examine the termite kingdom more objectively and search for the queen and the 'secrets' of the termitary.

In the dank jungles of the Upper Amazon of Ecuador, the forests are dense with leaves of varying shades of green, and the deeper one enters the more the forest seems to take on a perpetual dusk, so heavy is the foliage, so difficult is it for light to penetrate. Giant lianas, like boa-constrictors, hang from tree to tree in weird gyrations. Epiphytes festoon the trees so heavily as to obscure the actual leaves of the host-tree itself. This is the habitat of the termite realm. Attached to trees or lianas, one can see an endless succession of termite nests. Most of them are of the genus of *Nasutitermes*, one of the higher groups of termites. The nest is a large one: it may be four feet in height, five and a half feet in circumference, and weigh close on 250 pounds. It is made of carton, microscopic bits of wood, glued together from the residue of the intestines of the worker-termite.

The queen's chamber, long experience has taught me, is almost directly in the centre of the nest. The nest is hard. With a machete,

the utilitarian jungle knife, it is possible to cut deep into the nest. Bring the machete down, from top to bottom, cleaving off a generous portion of the nest, and immediately it is alive. The soldiers run out and cover the entire nest, the workers scurry about inside picking up in their mandibles small white eggs and the immature termites in their first instars or stages. All is confusion. Again, take off another slice of the nest. One finds that the outside layers are hard, about an inch into the interior are softer ones separated into a system of carton flakes thoroughly perforated with countless runways that lead, although one can scarcely follow their ramifications, into the labyrinthine reproductive chamber.

Now one comes to the eggs. In the humid section of the nest thousands of small eggs can be seen as well as equally microscopic termites that have just emerged. They are pure white. This means that one is near the queen's chamber.

Now it is necessary to proceed much more carefully. The machete is sharp, the queen large; and many are the queens I have beheaded until I learned the technique of finding them. Suddenly the machete, if one goes slowly, will give warning, strike something hard. Here, more or less in the centre of the humid section of the soft carton, is the hard sector of the queen's chamber. The size of this hard portion varies with the species and the size of the nest. In the particular nest I have described it is about four inches in circumference. The nest, however, is so alive with workers and soldiers dropping everywhere, that the most sensible thing to do is merely to eject the whole queen's chamber. Workers crawling up one's arm dig their mandibles into one's skin, and their bite is real. An insect that can cut tunnels through the hardest of woods finds little difficulty in biting a human being's arm. The chamber is finally removed. Now at leisure it is possible to retreat some distance from the nest in order the better to observe it.

A blow delivered in the exact centre and the nest is parted, revealing the 'secrets' of the termitary. Her Majesty the Queen! The sudden parting of the chamber and the exposure to the dry air is not to the queen's liking and the workers try to move her, but this is a difficult task. The queen is fifty times the size of the workers; she cannot move herself; her body is distended with eggs and her ovaries have grown immeasurably since the days of her nuptials. When she mated, she had wings and was just twice as large as the workers; now she is fifty

times as large. If the queen can be said to look like anything it is an elongated potato. For, ludicrous as such an analogy may seem, the tiny head is at first not visible and the chitin plates are so separated that they resemble the 'eyes' of a potato. But there the analogy ceases. Obesity keeps her from moving. With her large abdomen on the floor of the nest her small fragile legs wave in the air with no fulcrum for moving. The workers frantically rush about thinking how they may save her. From some source, perhaps a spontaneous grasping of the difficulty, workers hurry ahead of the queen and enlarge a space into which to move her. No one pays any attention to the king who runs about heedlessly on top of her majesty's royal belly. With a camel-hair brush one picks him up, and into a vial of alcohol he goes.

Meanwhile the workers have inaugurated a plan. While the main body of workers enlarges one of the cordons in which to 'slip' the queen, the others line up on opposite sides. If you cover your mouth so that your breath does not disturb them at this stage, you can, armed with a magnifying glass, see an interesting work of instinct. The workers are moving the queen. How? Well, by the very principles that we ourselves would apply to the moving of such an object. The workers grasp the epidermis of the reproductive's skin in their mandibles and each of two opposing rows pulls outwardly, their effort having the direct tendency to raise, very slightly, the body of the queen from the floor of the chamber. Other workers surround the queen's head and pull on her antennæ, her legs and wing stumps. The queen herself, now that her legs are again on the ground, is urging her body on. And by this means she is moved.

Running about the reproductive chamber are a series of smaller insects; without a magnifying glass, one would take them for termites. But they are not. Pick them up with forceps and, under the glass is revealed not a termite but a degenerate species of *coleoptera*—in fact a beetle. It is a termite guest, a *termitophile*, freely running about in the most inaccessible places of the termitary. One will see a superficial similarity between it and the termite it has imitated. And this is strange mimicry. For this staphylinid beetle, alien to the termite, is tolerated because both termite and guest have a love of each other's exudate, the sweet sticky substance that exudes from the pores. The termitophile might be seen to run about the queen, and the workers pay no attention to it at all. It is one of the strangest associations in the

insect world. Only now as more and more new incidents and collections are brought to light are we beginning to understand the singular association. The ants, incidentally, also have such associations.

But we are really no nearer the 'secrets' of the termitary. We have found the king, the queen, the termite guests, and we see that neither the king nor the queen takes any active part in the 'administration', if the word is permissible of the termite realm. They, like the soldiers, are incapable of feeding themselves. Incarcerated in their cryptic world, food is brought to them by the workers. Once the colony has grown, the only task of the reproductives is to continue to reproduce their kind, which they do unceasingly. As soon as the eggs are laid, the workers pick them up in their mandibles, and hurry away to place them in another part of the hatch. It is curious that the termites, unlike the rest of terrestrial animals (man excluded), have the basis of their society in the 'couple'. In Nature the couple is natural, but not the permanent couple. Termites in this sense are gynandrarchic, since a single pair of reproductives institute the colony. This is not so in the case of other social insects, notably the bee, the wasp, and the ant, where the male merely intrudes himself temporarily on the scene during nuptials, and the female retires alone to develop her matriarchal colony. Termites do not mate in the air, but later, when they have selected a safe place in which to start the nest.

One mating is not sufficient to fertilize all the eggs to be laid henceforth, so that a permanent association of male and female is continued. This I believe to be unique in the animal world.

Each caste of termite within the termite kingdom has a task imposed upon it by its own physical limitations or attributes, and the whole responds as a mechanism to a given stimulus. At stated seasons of the year, in the tropics usually at the beginning or sometimes at the end of the rainy season, the future kings and queens, forming the alate (winged) caste, leave the nest in countless thousands, to begin a new colonization elsewhere. They do, in fact, provide only a small average of new colonies. If all were spared to begin new termitaries, the plague of termites would be a tremendous one. As it is, when the swarm begins, ants, lizards, birds, sloths, and yes, even at times, man, await their coming and more than 95 per cent that leave the nest never live to start a new colony. Such is Nature's method of providing a balance in the zoological world.